THE AMERICAN WEST

CALIFORNIA STATE RAILROAD MUSEUM

Authentic nineteenth-century baggage, gaslights, and vintage rolling stock at the recently reconstructed Central Pacific Railroad Station Museum in Old Sacramento, California, evoke the atmosphere of a hundred years ago when the original station was the western terminus of the transcontinental railroad. The 104-year-old wood-burning steam locomotive in the foreground has been renamed the Jupiter in honor of the engine that faced the Union Pacific's No. 119 at Promontory Point, Utah, at the end of the mighty contest to lay the first tracks across the continent. Historian Dee Brown describes that great race in an article beginning on page 4.

N. C. Wyeth (1882–1945), whose vivid oil painting "Cutting Out" is reproduced on our cover, began his long career as one of America's most successful magazine illustrators under the tutelage of Howard Pyle. Like his mentor, Wyeth loved to paint both history and action, qualities he found in abundance in the West. The authentically detailed cover painting, one result of a visit Wyeth made to a group of Colorado ranches in 1904, can be seen today at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. (For more about this important western museum—currently observing its fiftieth anniversary—turn to page 16.)

HARRY DRING COLLECTION

CELEBRATIONS at Washington State's Grays Harbor were infrequent. Life in the sawmill towns was a serious business—there was little time and even less money for galas of any kind. Aberdeen, Hoquiam, and Cosmopolis, each built out of the cleared wilderness of Douglas fir and red cedar, were organized to cut and saw lumber. They built their own ships in local yards, and every vessel that slid down the greased ways was a symbol of their hopes for a better life. In the struggling mill towns an event like that pictured above was indeed worth celebrating. On a normal cloud-filled day in 1901, George Hitchings and John Joyce prepare to launch their newly-built 736-ton, four-mast schooner *Kailua* stern-first from their yard bordering the tiny Hoquiam River. Awaiting only spars, sails, a crew, and a cargo of Grays Harbor prime, the white-painted vessel is testimony to the skill of her master-builders. Jesse O. Stearns, Hoquiam's young banker-photographer, on hand to welcome a safe launch, has captured the event on a small glass photographic plate.

Stearns was but one of many gifted amateurs and professionals who photographed the Pacific Coast maritime splendor sampled on pages 34–49 of this issue.

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the GREAT

When the Civil War ended, Americans turned their attention to the building of a transcontinental railroad. This great vision had taken faltering steps toward realization in 1862–63 through enactment of a national railroad act and with groundbreaking ceremonies by the Central Pacific Railroad at Sacramento, California, and the Union Pacific at Omaha, Nebraska. War and financial problems had hindered progress, but by 1867 the venture had accelerated into a struggle between the two giant railroads, who in their scramble for the lucrative government subsidies and rich profits in land that came with each mile of track that was laid, were vying to extend their lines across the expanse still separating them. Historian Dee Brown here describes that great and sometimes tainted contest.

AT THE END of 1867, the Union Pacific was 540 miles from Omaha, 240 miles closer to the Western Sea than it had been in January. Almost every citizen of the nation gloried in this mighty achievement, but there were exceptions.

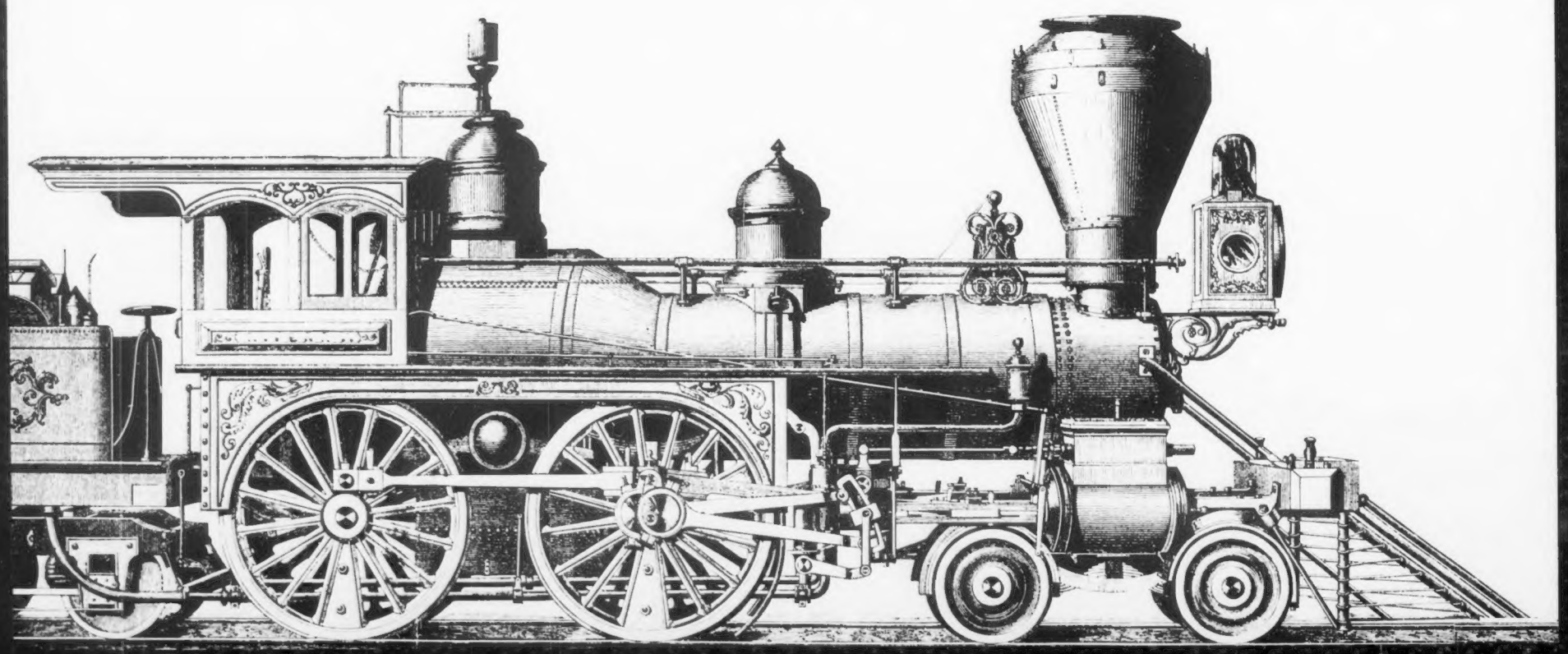
The men most disturbed by the remarkable progress of the Union Pacific were the Big Four of the Central Pacific. In 1867, while the U.P. was laying 240 miles of track, the C.P. laid only 40 miles. To accomplish this, the C.P.'s Chinese workers had to bore thousands of feet through the solid stone of the Sierra and move thousands of cubic yards of gravel in wheelbarrows, while fighting snowdrifts and dodging avalanches during several months of the year.

Learning that an engineer spying for the Union Pacific had visited the tunnel sites and reported that three years would be required to complete Summit Tunnel alone, the C.P.'s resourceful construction superintendent, James Strobridge, ordered a shaft sunk so that his tunnelers could dig from four sides simultaneously. For several months during 1867 he kept eight thousand Chinese tunnelers working in around-the-clock shifts seven days a week. Nevertheless, there were rumors from New York that general manager Thomas Durant was boasting that the Union Pacific would reach the California line before the Central Pacific could work its way out of the Sierra.

Reacting to this with their usual ingenuity, the Big Four decided to bypass the tunnels temporarily and push the Central Pacific tracks down the eastern slope of the Sierra and across the line into the level Nevada desert. Once there, they could sweep across the miles to Salt Lake City before the Union Pacific track layers reached Utah.

To accomplish this, Strobridge took three thousand Chinese over the summit to grade and bridge the eastern slope to the Nevada line. But the greatest feat of all was the dismantling of three locomotives and forty cars and the transportation of them over the summit on sledges. It was an accomplishment equal to Hannibal's crossing of the ice-clad Alps, with the Iron Horses sliding and foundering in the snow somewhat like Hannibal's armored elephants.

"We hauled locomotives over," general manager Crocker later recalled, "and when I say we, I mean myself. We hauled them on sleighs . . . we hauled some of them over on logs, because we could not get a sleigh big enough." After the Iron Horses and their tenders and cars were brought slipping and sliding down the slope, they had to be loaded onto wagons at Donner Lake and dragged along



a rough and muddy road to Truckee. And after this was done, a cavalcade of sleds and wagons followed with tons of spikes, plows, tools, food supplies, saw mills, and iron rails—enough to lay fifty miles of track.

Adding to the hardships of a difficult year for the Central Pacific were blizzards and avalanches that dumped thirty-foot drifts on the already completed tracks. "The snow would fill up just as fast as the men could dig it out," Crocker said. To keep the road open to the summit tunnels, he employed a Scotsman, bridge-builder Arthur Brown, and ordered him to construct forty miles of snowsheds. In completing this assignment, Brown used sixty-five million feet of timber and nine hundred tons of bolts and spikes, and spent over two million dollars.

Finally, in November 1867, at the highest point of the Central Pacific, 7,017 feet above sea level, Summit Tunnel was ready for the track layers. A month later, to celebrate their triumph, the Big Four loaded ten bright yellow passenger cars at Sacramento with seven hundred Very Important People of California and hauled them up the 105-mile track to the top of the Sierra. There the excursionists engaged in a snowball fight, and were almost smothered by smoke when the Iron Horse stalled in the long tunnel, but returned safely to Sacramento to spread the news of California's marvelous railroad.

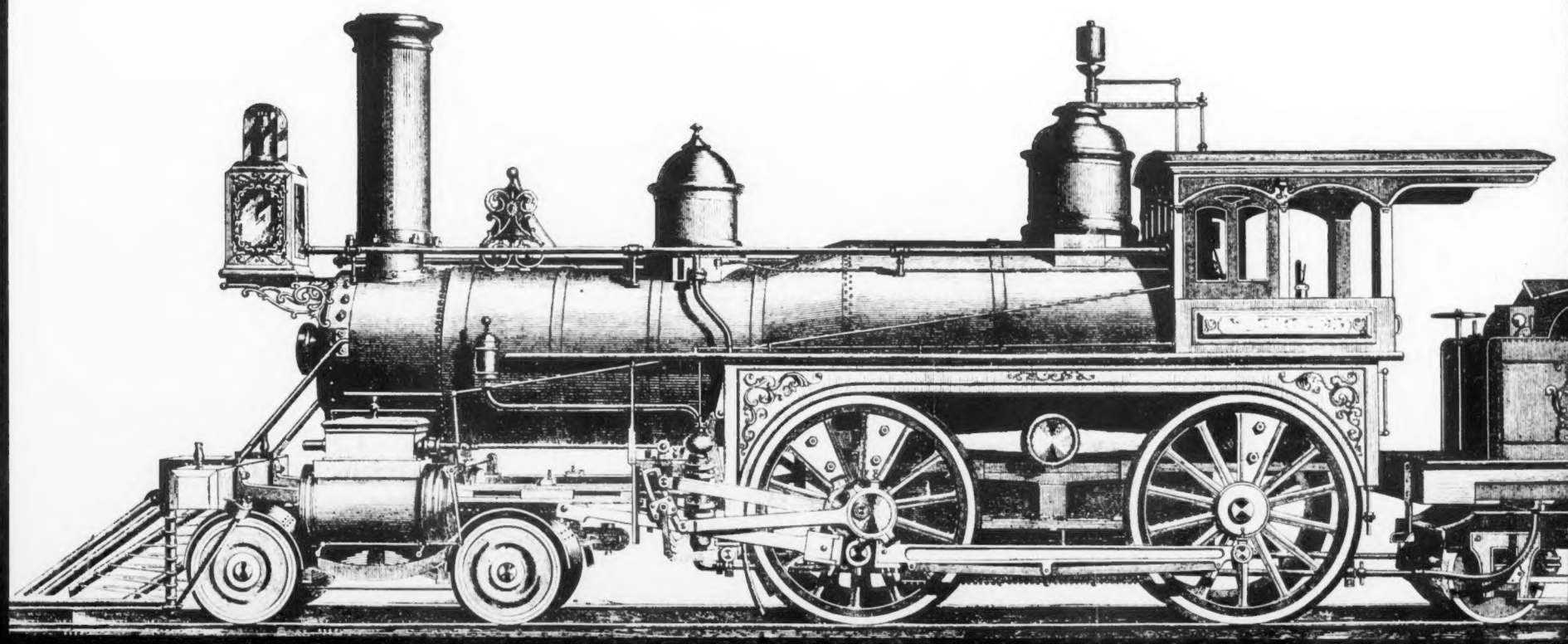
On December 13, Strobridge and his Chinese workers on the eastern slope of the range laid the first rails across the Nevada line. But the Central Pacific still had to lay a seven-mile stretch of track to close in the Donner Lake area, and it was already buried for the winter under its first snowfall. No subsidy bonds could be collected from the government for the miles completed beyond the gap, because according to the law the tracks had to be *consecutive*. No doubt about it, the Central Pacific was in a financial bind. Back to the East, however, traveled that cold and crafty maneuverer of politicians and financiers —Collis Huntington. He stretched the Big Four's credit to the limits, ordering railroad equipment in such enormous quantities that at one time thirty ships loaded with iron for the Central Pacific were circling the oceans en route to California. Huntington knew that more than a thousand miles of empty land still lay between the ends of track of the C.P. and the U.P., and he intended to grab for the C.P. every mile of it that muscle and sweat could accomplish.

THE GREAT RACE had actually begun in 1867 at North Platte, Nebraska, but it was no contest until the spring of 1868, when the Central Pacific's Chinese workers came down the eastern slope of the Sierra and began laying grades across the arid flatlands of Nevada toward the Great Basin of Utah. This green and fruitful country of the industrious Mormons was a rich prize, and the Big Four were so determined to win it that they dispatched teams of surveyors as far east as Wyoming, where they encountered the red-flag markers and theodolites of the equally eager Union Pacific surveyors.

This article is excerpted with permission from Dee Brown's Hear That Lonesome Whistle Blow: Railroads in the West, *just published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York. Copyright © 1977 by Dee Brown.*

RACE

by Dee Brown



LABORERS LAY FILL AROUND A TEMPORARY TRESTLE AT SECRETTOWN, CALIFORNIA
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY

Progress across the Sierra was painfully slow for the C.P.; this view of the terrain suggests why.

Early in the spring of 1868, the C.P. track layers reached a newly created town named for General Jesse L. Reno of Civil War fame. Because of its strategic location adjacent to the Nevada mining country, twenty-five-foot storefront lots were soon selling for twelve hundred dollars. As soon as a station was built at end of track, Strobridge shifted his crews back into the melting snows of the Sierra to complete the seven-mile gap between Reno and Sacramento. By mid-June the frozen earth and the stones were blasted and leveled, the rails were spiked down, and the gap was closed. The Big Four could now collect a fortune from the government. A newspaper reporter who was a passenger on the first train to cross the Sierra from Sacramento described the Central Pacific as "one of the most beautiful, smooth and solid roads on the continent." The Chinese laborers, he added, were "packing their traps preparatory to passing on over the summit into the great interior basin of the continent."

Not only the Chinese workers but also President Leland Stanford of the C.P. went over the mountains that summer. Stanford's mission was to visit Salt Lake City, where he hoped to persuade Brigham Young and other Mormon leaders to build a road grade across Utah through Weber Canyon to the Wyoming line. That Young already had a $2-million contract with the rival Union Pacific to build a grade across Utah did not matter to Stanford and his Big Four partners. During the previous winter Collis Huntington had filed with the secretary of the interior a set of maps for a right-of-way across Nevada and Utah, labeling them as an extension of the Central Pacific line. With his usual audacity, Huntington at the same time asked the government for an advance payment of $2.4 million for construction of the line (which he never built) and he badgered officials for months until he had the bonds.

Brigham Young saw no conflict in taking on two contracts, especially after Stanford guaranteed to pay the Mormons double the wages he had been giving his Chinese workers. The money of course ultimately would come from the republic's taxpayers, most of whom were unaware that during the autumn of 1868 separate crews of Mormons were hard at work hauling stone and earth to build two hundred miles of parallel road grades, one of which would never be used. The Great Race was becoming wasteful and expensive. Yet, most Americans rejoiced in the progress of what they believed to be "their" transcontinental railroad.

Strobridge and his Chinese in the meantime were driving eastward across Nevada. On July 22, the tracks reached Wadsworth and soon afterward the first train from Sacramento rolled into the station. From there the survey line swung northeastward to work its way through the passes of the Humboldt Range. This was the desert country that overland emigrants bound for California had learned to dread. For five hundred miles it was a land of white alkali beds burned by the sun, waterless, treeless, bare of vegetation except for patches of gray sagebrush and stunted junipers. To supply timber for construction and to fuel locomotives, logs had to be hauled from the Sierra forests. Special water trains consisting of huge wooden tanks fitted upon flatcars were devised to bring that vital liquid to workmen and to fill the boilers of the advance contingent of Iron Horses.

To avoid building bridges and digging cuts—which consumed time and money—Charlie Crocker, the general manager, and Strobridge ran the line in snakelike curves. Each additional mile of track, after all, brought to the Big Four a profit of twice its cost to them. In a few years, millions more dollars would have to be spent to straighten

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY

By mid-1868 the Central Pacific's Chinese workers were laying track across the arid Nevada flatlands.

those winding tracks so hastily and carelessly laid during the Great Race.

In September, after the track layers passed Mill City, a San Francisco reporter made the journey to end of track. He found that the names that the Central Pacific had bestowed upon its stations revealed the nature of the Nevada land: Desert, Hot Springs, Mirage, Granite Point. He also witnessed the lackadaisical manner in which government inspectors examined and certified the new track so that the C.P. could collect its thirty thousand dollars per mile. One inspector, said the reporter, stood on the platform of the rear car and with a small spyglass scrutinized the ties, rails, and grade as the train sped along. While he was doing this, his assistant lay down on the floor in the front of the car, shut his eyes, and composed himself to sleep. "The argument being this, that if the passengers could sleep the track must be level, easy, and all right; whereas, if too rough to sleep, something must be wrong with the work."

The C.P. was averaging a mile of new track each day now, racing frantically to beat the U.P. into Utah. Borrowing the methods of the Casement brothers of the U.P., superintendent Strobridge put together a work train of a dozen cars equipped with sleeping and dining accommodations and shops for carpenters and telegraph-line builders. The first car was Strobridge's living quarters, and his wife kept it so neat that a newspaperman dubbed her "the heroine of the Central Pacific" and declared that the domicile on wheels was equal to any home in San Francisco. Each evening when Strobridge's work train rolled to the end of track built that day, he would have a telegraph wire run from the nearest pole into the telegraph car and would notify Sacramento of the number of miles of track laid.

No matter how hard he and Crocker drove their men, however, it became obvious as 1868 neared its end that the rival Union Pacific was going to win the Great Race into Utah and probably would have tracks laid to the key city of Ogden before the Central Pacific could push through the Promontory Range north of Great Salt Lake. Much to Brigham Young's displeasure, both railroads had abandoned plans to run their main tracks into Salt Lake City. A branch line from Ogden to Salt Lake, similar to the branch line from Cheyenne to Denver, would have to suffice. Young, however, demanded control of the spur, and he later outfitted it with rolling stock that he took from the U.P. in partial payment for the Mormons' grading contract.

At year's end the Central Pacific's tracks were approaching Carlin, Nevada, 446 miles from Sacramento; the Union Pacific's rails had been laid to Evanston, Wyoming, near the Utah border, 995 miles west of Omaha. Between these track ends were less than 400 miles, a considerable part of which had been graded in parallel lines by the rival Mormon contractors and Strobridge's Chinese workers. An air of excitement developed across America as it became apparent that the long-dreamed-of transcontinental railroad, which had been planned for completion during the nation's centennial celebration of 1876, would be joined in the new year of 1869, seven years ahead of schedule.

Although engineers for each of the rival railroads could have calculated the approximate meeting place of the track layers, their acquisitive employers insisted that the wasteful parallel grading continue across Utah. Finally the U.P. construction men recognized the futility of continuing their grading west of Promontory toward Humboldt Wells in Nevada. After discontinuing work on this section, they brought gangs of Irish graders into Utah so that in the spring of 1869 each railroad company was grading a line

THE OAKLAND MUSEUM, ANDREW J. RUSSELL COLLECTION

Extensive construction and support facilities made the Union Pacific work train a marvel of self-sufficiency.

between Ogden and Promontory.

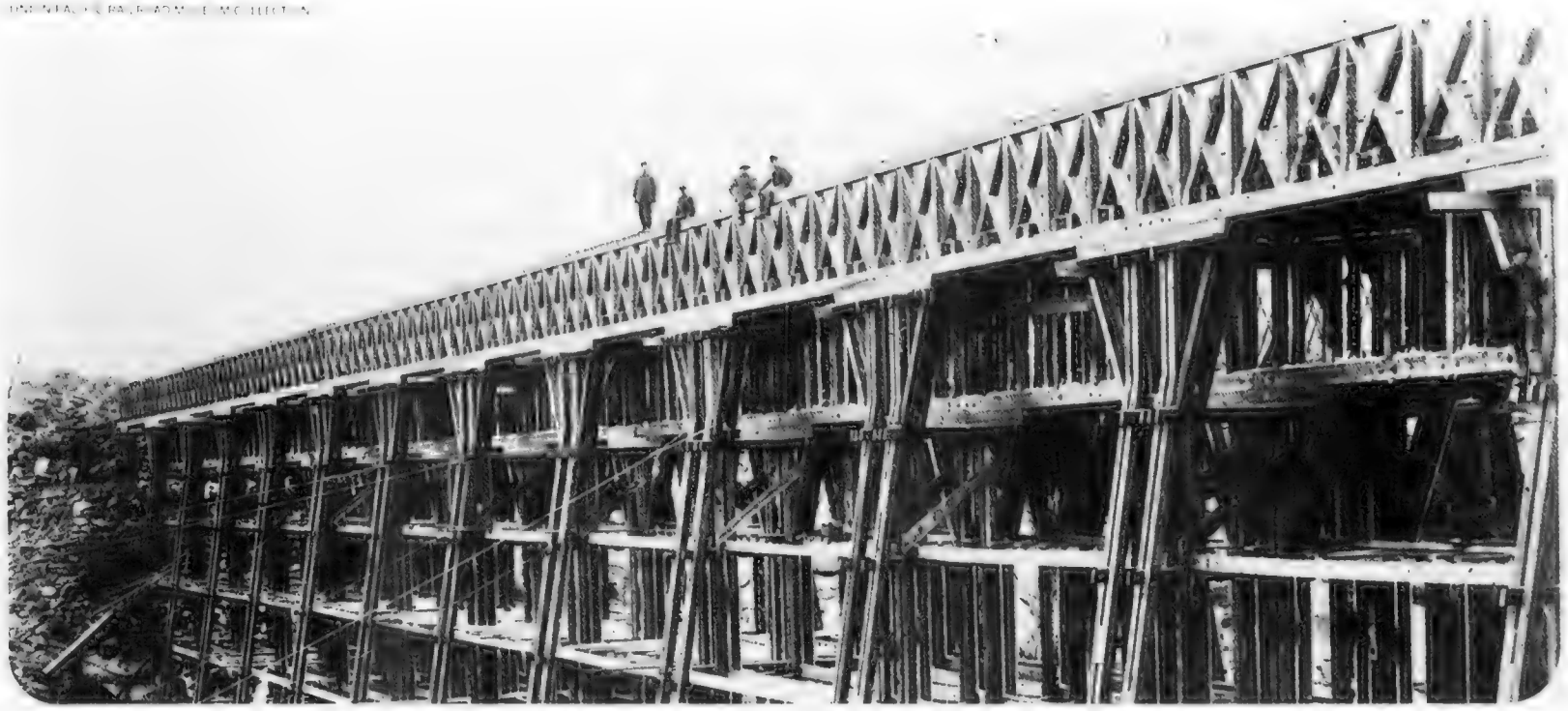
The Union Pacific's race to Ogden was not won without enormous costs—in money, materials, and lives. As in war, the longer the contest continued, the more ruthless, reckless, and callous the leaders of the contending railroads became toward their common workmen. Although losses of lives by accidents were higher among the C.P.'s Chinese (between five hundred and a thousand), the U.P. undoubtedly lost the most workmen from exposure and from diseases contracted in the squalid dens of prostitution that followed the tracks westward. More U.P. workmen were murdered in the Hell on Wheels towns than were killed in accidents, a ratio of about four to one. Almost no medical facilities were provided by either railroad company. Yet, with the assistance of the national press, the railroad owners, like military commanders in wartime, kept up a drumfire of propaganda upon the populace that was designed to inspire their sweating laborers to "win" at all costs.

In the spring of 1868, the U.P. emerged from the long Wyoming winter to begin track construction west of Cheyenne. General Jack Casement's work train was lengthened to eighty cars, which now included a bakery car, a bath car, a complete feed store and saddle shop, additional kitchen, dining, and bunk cars, a combined telegraph and payroll car, and a butcher's car. The butcher's car was kept filled with fresh beef from a cattle herd that was driven each day alongside the work train as it made its way westward across Wyoming. From time to time a newspaper that followed the Hell on Wheels towns would set up shop temporarily in one of the cars, publishing whenever enough news could be collected concerning events along the way combined with occasional brief dispatches received in the telegraph car. For protection in case of Indian attacks, the Casements installed about a thousand rifles upon horizontal racks in the ceilings of the cars. Added protection was guaranteed by the railroad's good friend General Sherman, who ordered five thousand infantrymen and cavalrymen deployed at public expense from Cheyenne to the Salt Lake Valley.

During the winter of 1867–68, the Union Pacific had sent a work force of three thousand men into the Medicine Bow Range to cut ties, timbers for bridge construction, and billets to fuel Iron Horses. As the snows departed, teams of muleskinners began distributing the wood alongside the grades and survey lines. "Muleskinners," reported a contemporary observer, "yelling at reluctant animals, split the air with picturesque invective and creased tough mule hides with the business end of blacksnake whips."

At the same time, grading crews by the thousands were sent as far west as Echo Canyon in Utah. There was much boastful talk about laying track to Salt Lake before the year's end, but the realists thought the railroad would be lucky to reach the Wasatch Mountains before snow stopped construction. Edward Ordway, who was traveling across Wyoming that spring, encountered at Fort Halleck a group of brawling railroad workmen, "natives of all the civilized nations of earth," drinking up their winter's pay at the bar in the sutler's store. "Rock men, pick and shovelers, and all other necessary helpers in railroad grade making, at that time as a class were known as Navvies," he said. "All stout, healthy men, and as for their social standing or moral turpitude, all that is necessary to say is that nature had created them for a special purpose that people more delicately organized were unfit for."

During their drinking bouts, the men engaged in boxing, clog dancing, and jumping contests. They harassed stagecoach drivers, sang Irish ballads, and then to Ordway's



Spanning a chasm 650 feet wide and 130 feet deep, shaky Dale Creek Bridge was the Union Pacific's largest trestle.

amazement a quartet rendered "in perfect harmony Hayden's magnificent song 'The Heavens Are Telling.'" The men were enjoying themselves so heartily after their long winter in the timber that the gang bosses were unable to start them back to work without the assistance of a detail of cavalry from the fort, who "by a liberal use of sabers succeeded in rounding up those who were able to walk."

During April an army of graders moved out through deep patches of snow into the Wyoming Black Hills, and a thousand track layers followed. On April 16, iron rails topped Sherman Summit, 8,242 feet above sea level, a thousand feet higher than the Central Pacific's Summit Tunnel in the Sierra. U.P.'s chief engineer, Grenville Dodge, had surveyed this pass to the Western Sea in 1865 and named it "in honor of General Sherman, the tallest general in the service." To celebrate the crossing of what the Union Pacific boasted was the highest elevation ever reached by a railroad anywhere in the world, general manager Thomas Durant came out from New York and personally placed the final rail. He could not resist sending a bragging telegram to President Leland Stanford of the Central Pacific, and Stanford politely replied: "We cheerfully yield you the palm of superior elevation; 7,242 feet has been quite sufficient to satisfy our highest ambition." By this time Durant was feuding bitterly with his associates Sidney Dillon and Oakes Ames, and was so furious with Grenville Dodge, because of the latter's refusal to cooperate in his devious plots to siphon funds, that Durant had determined to remove Dodge as chief engineer at the first opportunity.

While the owners celebrated at Sherman Summit, bridge builders a few miles down the western slope were nailing together a framework of timbers 650 feet long and 130 feet high across Dale Creek. It was the largest trestlework on the U.P., and when winds blew up the canyon the bridge swayed alarmingly. Government inspectors refused to approve it until they extracted a promise from Durant to lash it down with cables and replace it with an iron structure within one year. "The highest railroad bridge in the world," boasted the U.P., but to the men who first crossed it on an Iron Horse it was like spanning a structure of interlaced toothpicks.

Bypassing the incompleted bridge, Jack Casement pushed his track layers on toward Laramie City. Silas Seymour, the dandy who was acting as "consulting engineer," field agent, and spy for Durant, was in evidence, accompanied occasionally by a mistress and several black servants. He and Durant were plotting something, but neither Casement nor construction superintendent Sam Reed could yet determine what was in the wind. To pick up some easy money, Durant had the townsite of Laramie surveyed into lots, and Seymour spread rumors that the division shops and roundhouse originally planned by Dodge to be located at Cheyenne would be transferred to Laramie. This of course caused a sharp increase in the demand for Laramie City lots. Within a week, four hundred lots were sold at exorbitant prices, and when the tracks came in early in May, about 8,500 of Cheyenne's 10,000 population and a large number of that town's knock-down buildings were transferred almost overnight to Laramie.

IN THE MEANTIME, Durant and Seymour had angered Casement and Reed by ordering them to make a change in Dodge's original survey. To avoid extensive grading and filling across the rough country between Laramie City and the Laramie plains, Seymour recommended a new route through the valleys of Rock Creek and Medicine Bow River. This change would add twenty miles to

A boom in construction and several thousand new residents followed on the heels of tracklayers in Laramie, Wyoming.

the railroad, but it could be speedily constructed and would bring almost two million easy dollars into the pockets of the railroad's builders. At this time, Dodge was in Washington serving as congressman from the Iowa district of which he claimed to be a resident. Most of his efforts were directed toward legislation favoring the Union Pacific, and he still held his title of chief engineer of the railroad. Early in May, Dodge received a telegram from Sam Reed informing him of Seymour's and Durant's interference. Dodge immediately packed his bags. He had chosen Cheyenne as a division point because that city was the most logical place for a junction with the railroad from Denver, and he was determined to block Durant's efforts to change it to Laramie. As for Seymour's new survey, Dodge viewed it as being as crooked as was its originator. Just as his predecessor, Peter Dey, had rebelled as the result of Seymour's interference in lengthening the road out of Omaha three years earlier, Dodge's professionalism could not accept the proposed change. Instead of resigning as Dey had done, however, he telegraphed President Oliver Ames of the U.P., secured his support, and then boarded a train for Wyoming, determined to have a showdown.

When Dodge arrived at Cheyenne, he learned that Durant had already ordered the repair shops moved to Laramie and that grading had begun on Seymour's winding route to the Laramie plains. Dodge countermanded Durant's order concerning the railroad shops, and then had his private car hitched to a locomotive for a fast run to Laramie. There, by chance, he met Durant walking on a street crowded with the usual gambling establishments. According to Dodge, it was not a cordial meeting. He informed Durant that he was still chief engineer of the U.P. and that he could not tolerate any interference in engineer matters. "The men working for the Union Pacific will take orders from me and not from you," Dodge quoted himself as saying. "If you interfere there will be trouble—trouble from the government, from the Army, and from the men themselves." Durant was well aware of Dodge's excellent governmental and military connections. He made no reply as Dodge turned and strode back toward the Laramie station.

Grading and filling was now too far along on Seymour's route to make a change, but as soon as the track layers reached the Laramie plains, Jack Casement set a goal of two miles a day, offering extra pay to men willing to work on moonlit nights and on Sundays. The Casements' new contract stipulated payment to them of eight hundred dollars per mile for less than two miles laid in a day, twelve hundred dollars a mile for over two miles a day. During that summer, the U.P. and its contractors had ten thousand men strung out across Wyoming and into northeastern Utah. After three years of trial and error, Sam Reed, the Casement brothers, and their assistants had achieved a high degree of efficiency in planning and in organization. They had learned that forty carloads of supplies were required to build each mile of track, and discovered the importance of time-and-motion studies before that technique was given a name. Even so, the pressures upon the graders to keep ahead of the track layers resulted in what one government examiner described as "very hastily and inefficiently made up" earthen fills. After traveling over one such section, President Oliver Ames admitted that the grades and curves would have to be improved as soon as the road was completed, "though it will be a heavy additional cost."

At Mary's Creek, the U.P. had to build its first tunnel through a rugged spur of sandstone that blocked a gorge along which the tracks were to run. To avoid a delay in

Presidential candidate Grant meets with Union Pacific and army officers at Fort Sanders, Wyoming, in July 1868.

track construction, the resourceful Casements bypassed the spur, laying miles of rails ahead of the tunneling crew.

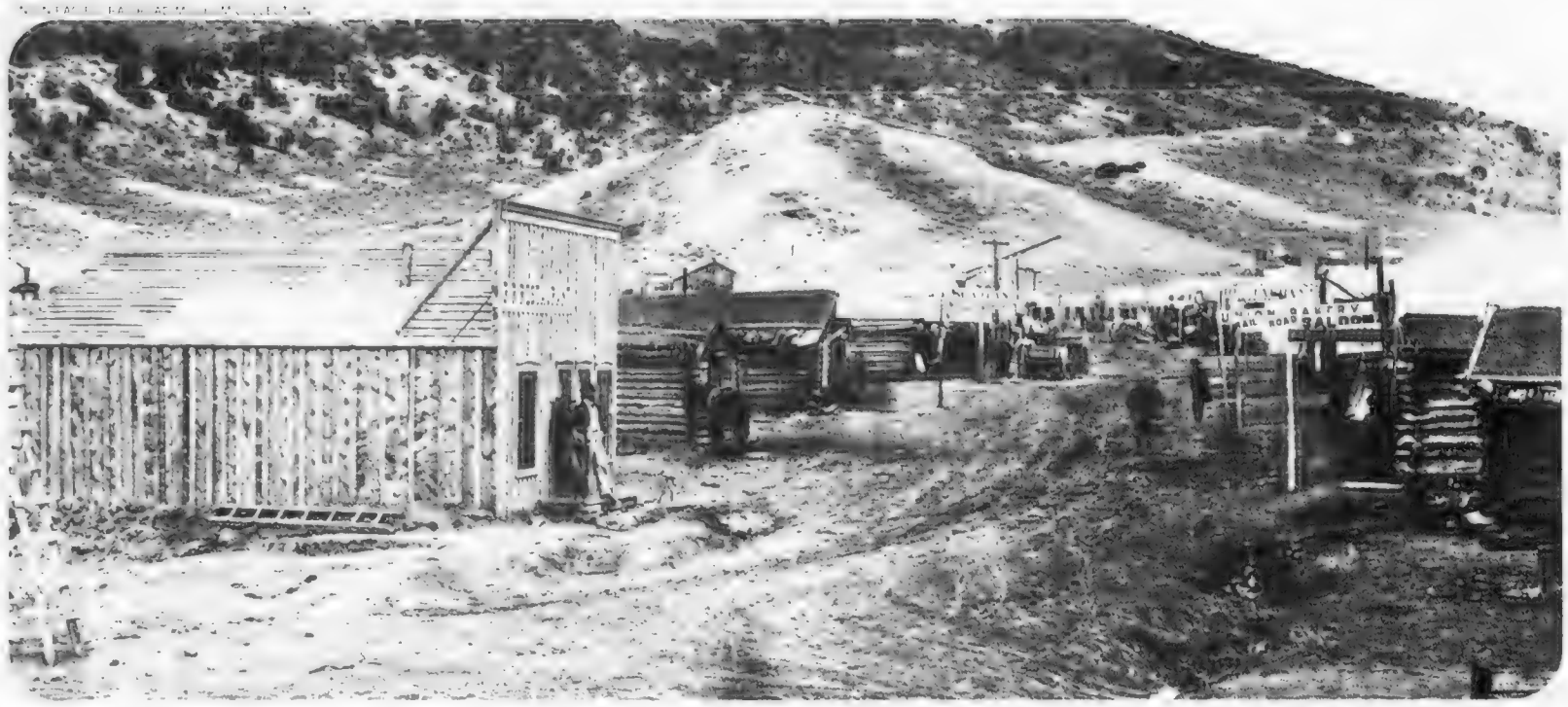
In the heat of July, the U.P. was platting another town, which somebody ironically decided to name for Senator Thomas Hart Benton. The late senator had spent years advocating a transcontinental railroad along the 38th parallel, and now here was his town almost astride the predestined 42d parallel. Nearby, General Sherman's army was building Fort Fred Steele, and Dr. Durant's promoters used its presence to create an air of permanence about the city of Benton and to boost the price of lots. Although the streets were filled with burning alkali dust, and water had to be hauled three miles in wagons from the North Platte River for a dollar per barrel, the lots were eagerly and quickly bought up. Two months later, Benton was a ghost town, with nothing left there but a sidetrack for the use and convenience of the fort.

Before Benton died, some of the tents were replaced with prefabricated buildings that had been shipped all the way from Chicago. In a dim light, a passerby would swear that they were built of brick and brownstone, but actually they were merely boards painted to simulate more-permanent materials. "The meanest place I have ever been in," was the way Jack Casement described Benton in a letter to his wife, but Casement was irritated by the August heat, which was slowing construction, and Utah was still miles and miles beyond the western horizon. Casement was also annoyed by a constant succession of excursionists brought out by Durant and Seymour to encourage sales of railroad stock. According to Casement, one excursion party contained "all the Professors of Yale College and a lot of Rail Road men with their ladies . . . a great nuisance to the work."

The most important excursion party of the summer was that of General Ulysses Grant, who as the candidate of the Republican party was campaigning for the office of president of the United States. Somewhat in the manner of modern candidates who visit foreign lands to demonstrate their breadth of vision, Grant was traveling across the West to demonstrate his interest in the transcontinental railroad and what was then called "the Indian Problem." Late in July he arrived at Laramie City in company with a touring party of eight generals among whom were Sherman and Sheridan. By this time Durant had managed to secure from the executive committee of the Union Pacific a resolution that gave him authority to direct construction operations in the field. Armed with this weapon, Durant managed to see Grant and ask his support in removing Dodge as chief engineer. Grant refused to commit himself until he heard Dodge's side of the feud; consequently, a telegram had to be sent to Dodge, who was inspecting the Mormons' grading work in Utah, requesting his presence at Fort Sanders for a conference with Grant, Durant, Dillon, and Seymour.

Politics was a complicating intruder at this meeting. Silas Seymour's brother, Horatio Seymour, was the Democratic candidate for president, running in opposition to Grant. If Horatio Seymour should win, Durant through his connections with Silas would gain direct access to presidential powers and decisions. But only the most fanatical partisans believed that anyone could defeat Grant, the military hero of the reunited nation. And with Grant in office, his wartime comrade Dodge certainly would be the Union Pacific's man of influence with the presidency.

The confrontation occurred on July 26, 1868, in an ornately constructed log cabin used as the officers' club at Fort Sanders. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan wore civilian clothing. Dodge, lean and sunburned, arrived wearing an



"Hell on wheels" settlements sprang up overnight along the right of way; Bear River City (above) was among the worst.

engineer's cap, his boots polished to a high shine. Durant's pasty face was determined; he wore loose black summer corduroys, a gold watch chain pendant across his vest. Dillon, of Credit Mobilier, in a dark coat and gray trousers, could have been an actor cast in the role of a capitalist giant. Seymour, his hair and beard neatly trimmed as usual, kept to the background.

If we may believe Dodge's account, Grant opened the proceedings by commenting in his dry fashion upon the army's difficulties in pacifying hostile Indians so as to keep them from attacking the railroad's graders and track layers. Having spent so much money and effort at this, he said, the government had the right to expect peaceable relations among the builders of the road.

Durant plunged immediately to the attack, charging Dodge with having wasted money upon preliminary surveys, with having chosen routes too costly to construct, with ignoring the advice of his associates, and with angering the Mormons by routing the line north of Salt Lake. After Durant finished, Grant glanced at Dodge.

"If Durant, or anybody connected with the Union Pacific, or anybody connected with the government changes my lines," Dodge said calmly, "I'll quit the road."

Nobody spoke for a few moments, and then Grant broke the silence: "The government expects the railroad company to meet its obligations. And the government expects General Dodge to remain with the road as its chief engineer until it is completed."

Durant was a realist. He knew that within a few months, barring a miracle, the man who had directed those words to him would be president of the United States. Hesitating only a moment, Durant turned toward Dodge. "I withdraw my objections," he said. "We all want Dodge to stay with the road."

That of course was Dodge's story. No one else present appears to have made any record of this second showndown with Durant.

Dodge returned to Utah, and while the U.P. track layers endured the heat and desolation of Wyoming's Red Desert, he sought out his opposite number on the Central Pacific, chief engineer Samuel Montague. With his usual bluntness, Dodge told Montague that U.P. tracks would be in Ogden by the spring of 1869. To save time and money, he suggested, the two railroads should decide upon a definite meeting place somewhere west of Ogden. Montague, however, declined to name a specific place. The Great Race, with all its wastefulness, would still continue.

AS THE SUMMER WANED, swarms of newspapermen arrived from the East, dispatching bulletins "from the front" much in the manner of war correspondents. They reported each day's progress in miles and quarter miles of track laid toward the Wasatch Mountain barrier of Utah. "Sherman with his victorious legions sweeping from Atlanta to Savannah was a spectacle less glorious than this army of men marching on foot from Omaha to Sacramento, subduing unknown wildernesses, scaling unknown mountains, surmounting untried obstacles, and binding across the broad breast of America the iron emblem of modern progress and civilization."

Late in October the track layers were within a few miles of the Utah line, but each night ice rimmed the tops of the water barrels, warning that winter would come early in the mountains. In November they reached Bear River; this was the heart of the old fur-trade country of Jim Bridger and the mountain men. December snows began to plague the graders and track layers after they crossed into Utah,

The Union Pacific encountered some of its toughest going in Utah's Wasatch Range; this is work at the Echo Tunnel.

and each day the gang foremen expected to receive orders to make winter camp. But there was to be no work stoppage in the winter of 1868–69. Alarmed by the rapid progress of the C.P. across the Nevada deserts, and greedy for the mile subsidies and land grants that might be lost to the Big Four across Utah, Durant persuaded the U.P. directors to order full speed ahead through the Wasatch Range. Now the U.P. workmen would have to endure the same hardships suffered by C.P. workmen in the Sierra. They dragged timber out of snowbanks, moved frozen earth with picks and shovels, laid tracks on icy crusts, and learned by experience how to blast tunnels through the red sandstone of Echo and Weber canyons.

Being as eager as Durant to beat the C.P. into Ogden, Dodge did not resist Durant's orders, but he admitted that laying the track in snow and ice was done at tremendous cost, over ten million dollars, he estimated. The head of the railroad's freight department complained that the track west of Bear River was "not fit to run over and we are ditching trains daily," and on one of Dodge's inspection tours he saw a train slide off a collapsing embankment and overturn. One of the few newspaper reporters hardy enough to stay in the field reported that tracks were laid on snow and ice, which then melted or evaporated, leaving ties and rails dangling in the air. Entire grades, he said, were so soft that the weight of trains would cause them to slide into rivers below. Accidents and fatalities increased rapidly, but when the men complained, their foremen used the old anti-Chinese prejudices to keep the Great Race from slowing down. Were the tarriers of the U.P. going to let the little yellow Chinamen beat them into Ogden? Never! Jack Casement found plenty of track layers willing to work after sundown by lanternlight in bitter cold.

They celebrated Christmas Day by bringing the end of track into Wasatch, only sixty-seven miles from Ogden. Durant was there in his comfortable private car for the celebration, but snow was piled high along the tracks and correspondent John H. Beadle reported that the temperature in the dining room of the town's only hotel was five degrees below zero. "A drop of the hottest coffee spilled upon the cloth froze in a minute, while the gravy was hard on the plate, and the butter frozen in spite of the fastest eater."

When Jack Casement informed Durant that some of his men were near the breaking point, Durant told him to double the wages and keep the work going. Doubling the wages, however, meant little to the workmen, because they were already several weeks behind in receiving their pay. During Christmas week, Credit Mobilier, the construction and finance company associated with the railroad, had poured out its fifth bountiful dividend of 1868 to its tight little ring of stockholders (several of whom were congressmen), leaving the Union Pacific Railroad Company six million dollars in debt and with no funds to pay contractors and workmen. To add to the difficulties, government inspectors were refusing to certify some of the recent construction, holding up expected subsidies. In New York, Jim Fisk, a former Yankee peddler of silk goods who had become a notorious financial speculator and manipulator, was threatening an injunction suit against the railroad in a move to gain control of it. Brigham Young was pressing hard for money to pay his Mormon graders, and even the optimistic Jack Casement complained that the company owed him a hundred thousand dollars. "The banks are loaded with UPRR paper," he said, "and if The Company don't send some money here soon they will burst up the whole country."

Although Sidney Dillon of Credit Mobilier was as re-

C.P. construction boss James Strobridge (in dark suit) poses above track laid on Ten-Mile-Day.

sponsible for the railroad's poor financial condition as was Durant, the latter received much of the blame from associates who were aware of the avaricious tendencies of their vice-president and general manager. They knew that Durant and Seymour were silent partners in firms that sold supplies to the railroad at excessive prices, that Durant was receiving ten percent of many contracts and had instructed construction supervisors to report double the actual quantities of rock hauled for fills, and that Seymour was also receiving kickbacks from tie-cutting contractors and timber haulers. Herbert Hoxie, the Iowa politician who had been a beneficiary of Durant's manipulations in his 1865 contract switch to Credit Mobilier, feared that the sharp practices had gone too far and declared privately that "the entire outfit was rotten to the core."

But the U.P.'s worst blow of the winter came when the secretary of the interior abruptly ordered the railroad to cease construction at Echo Summit, forty miles east of Ogden. When the order reached Utah, the road already had tracks several miles west of Echo Summit and grades were approaching Ogden. The U.P.'s directors were counting on subsidies from the tracks built to Ogden, and probably beyond, to pull them out of their financial squeeze. To halt construction now might mean bankruptcy for the road. Suspecting that wily old Collis Huntington had put pressure on government officials to recognize Central Pacific's right-of-way maps across Utah, which he had filed with the Department of the Interior, the directors of the Union Pacific decided that politics was involved in the action. They gambled on the fact that Grenville Dodge's good friend, General Grant, would be inaugurated as president within a few weeks and that a new secretary of the interior would be in office. And so they boldly ignored the order to stop construction and pressed on toward Ogden. They also increased their lobbying activities among influential congressmen who were not yet receiving monetary benefits from Credit Mobilier stock.

On the morning of March 8, 1869, four days after Grant became president, Jack Casement's track gangs laid rails into Ogden, and that afternoon an Iron Horse rolled in, its whistle drowning the music of a welcoming brass band. Dodge and Reed were there to celebrate not only the railroad's capture of Ogden, but also news just received that in his first cabinet meeting President Grant had canceled the order to halt Union Pacific construction at Echo Summit.

As soon as the celebration ended, Casement had his track layers back at work, and a month later they were at Corinne. Only fifty miles now separated the contenders in the Great Race, and it was obvious that they must meet somewhere in the Promontory Range. Yet, no effort was being made by the leaders of either side to choose a specific meeting place. Like two weary but evenly matched armies at the end of a long war, each railroad company continued to maneuver for advantages over the other, running their parallel grades for miles past each other, the C.P. stubbornly heading for Ogden, and the U.P. hellbent for nowhere. Notable examples of waste were the U.P.'s Big Trestle and the C.P.'s Big Fill, both of which crossed the same deep gorge within one hundred fifty feet of each other. The C.P. used five hundred men and two hundred fifty teams in hauling earth during most of February and March 1869, to build the embankment across the canyon. When the U.P. reached the same point, Seymour refused to waste time on a fill and ordered Sam Reed to construct a trestle. A newspaper reporter was appalled by the flimsy structure. "The cross pieces are jointed in the most clumsy manner," he wrote. "The Central Pacific have a fine, solid embankment alongside it, which ought to be used."

Rival chief engineers Samuel Montague and Grenville Dodge clasp hands as the Great Race ends.

At last President Grant had to intercede. He summoned Grenville Dodge to Washington and asked him to arrange a meeting between representatives of both companies. If they could not decide where their tracks would join, the government would do it for them. As Huntington was in Washington, lobbying as usual, Dodge informed him of what Grant had said, and on April 8 the two men held an all-night meeting. The next morning they telegraphed officials of their respective railroads and informed them of their agreement; after receiving approval from them, they informed Congress that the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific would join their tracks at Promontory Point.

No record was kept of the Dodge-Huntington discussions, but Huntington evidently used the maps he had filed, claiming the route across Utah to Echo Summit, as a weapon to force Dodge to compromise and permit the C.P. to lease or buy the U.P. tracks from Promontory to Ogden. Thus did the C.P. gain what it had set out to achieve, a route into the Great Basin of Utah. In the end, the U.P. did not do so badly either: the company sold its tracks to the C.P. for over a million dollars and also pocketed the government subsidies for each of the fifty-three miles from Ogden to Promontory Point.

While these decisive events were occurring in Washington, the rambunctious Jim Fisk stirred up trouble in New York for the Union Pacific by filing a lawsuit on the pretext of protecting his rights as a stockholder. Fisk had smelled out the money bounty of Credit Mobilier and charged that it was looting the Union Pacific. What Fisk wanted was to throw the railroad into bankruptcy, in the hope that he could gain control of it. He went so far as to form an alliance with the corrupt New York political boss William Marcy Tweed, and staged a raid on the Union Pacific offices to seize company records. President Oliver Ames, however, managed to transfer the books to New Jersey, out of Tweed's jurisdiction, thereby keeping the lid on Credit Mobilier's relations with the railroad—until another day. Jim Fisk had touched a sensitive nerve in the closely related financial-political establishment of America, but his reputation was so unsavory that he gained no supporters among the few honest men in Congress, who were also beginning to suspect that something was amiss in the financing of the people's railroad to the Western Sea. And so the entire affair evaporated in the atmosphere of exhilaration with which the young republic awaited the approaching day when the Great Race would end at Promontory Point.

THERE WAS ONE MORE EVENT to be staged for the newspapermen and photographers who were gathering in that last of the railroad boomtowns, Promontory City, which consisted of one long street of tents and false-fronted wooden structures set back only a few yards from the railroad track. According to rumor, Charlie Crocker had once boasted to Dr. Durant that his C.P. workmen could lay ten miles of track in a single day, whereupon Durant had bet Crocker ten thousand dollars that such a feat could never be accomplished. At any rate, as the two railroads approached each other at Promontory Point, Crocker announced that April 28 would be Ten-Mile Day.

For the railroad workmen this event was of greater importance than was the final joining of the rails, and both companies declared a holiday for all except the few hundred men engaged in the great undertaking. After distributing ties along the grade, Crocker and Strobridge planned everything like a military operation, bringing up carloads

Continued on page 70

Yesterday's West lives on at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center

THE FAMOUS DEADWOOD STAGE: A VIEW IN THE BUFFALO BILL MUSEUM

by Peter H. Hassrick

SPOILS FROM THE PAST have always made good history. Being human in fabric and scale, they express time in a way that allows people to empathize with bygone epochs. Though literature has traditionally been given the credit for preserving history, art and object have long rivaled its claim.

Too rarely, however, have art and object and literature been joined in the celebration of history. Notice has individually fallen to one or another, but as disciplines they have kept their distance, presumably in the name of maintaining the integrity of each. A common ground for the union of these three forces was laid in the American experience in 1804, when Lewis and Clark bridged the Mississippi to confront the Far West. They returned from their odyssey with reports of an immense land spilling over with untapped riches and abounding with life, both animal and human. From this genesis unfolded one of the most colorful and dramatic segments in American history.

George Catlin, a Philadelphia-trained artist who followed the path of Lewis and Clark up the Missouri thirty years later, proclaimed the vision of America's West: "No man's imagination, with all the aids of description that can be given to it, can ever picture the beauty and wildness of scenes that may be daily witnessed in this romantic country." Catlin spent eight years compiling his renowned "Indian Gallery," which comprised over six hundred paintings of western life and countless Indian objects. To set these two segments of his collection in perspective, but in no way overshadowing either, he prepared copious annotations, published first in London in 1841 as *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the*

Many of the illustrations on the following pages first appeared in The West of Buffalo Bill—*a 290-page color review of the frontier art, Indian crafts, and memorabilia at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center—published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc., New York.*

Four Museums in One Complex

The four interrelated museums of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center together present a vivid and comprehensive picture of the historical West. The thousands of pieces of Cody memorabilia housed in the Buffalo Bill Museum include this lithographic poster (below), publicizing a triumphal English tour of the Wild West Show attended by Queen Victoria herself. Contemporary artist John Clymer's dramatic oil "The Cattle Drive" (right) is representative of the outstanding collection of western documentary art found in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art and the Winchester Museum. Also at the Winchester is an ornate Model 1866 Winchester rifle (far right), one of 5,000 firearms in the museum. The intricately worked, smoke-tanned, deerskin shirt below it, decorated with dyed porcupine quills and trimmed with ermine and fringes, is part of the vast collection of Native American crafts and artifacts on display at the Plains Indian Museum.

PLAINS INDIAN MUSEUM

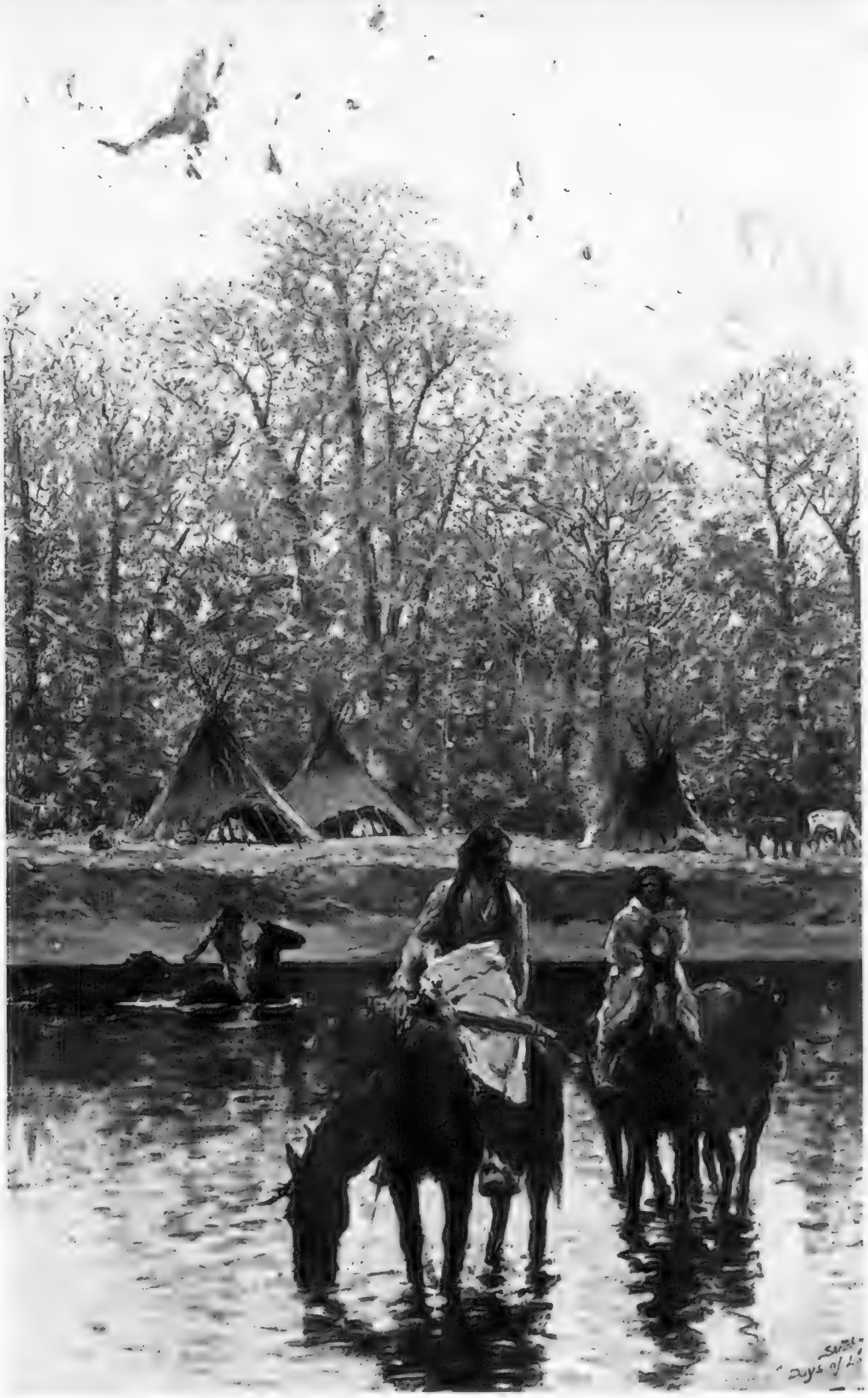
CROW VENTRE WARRIOR'S SHIRT, 1870
PLAINS INDIAN MUSEUM

North American Indians. Thus in one man's work, an extraordinary individual effort, were the forces of art, ethnology, and literature wed.

Throughout the nineteenth century, artists and explorers followed George Catlin's lead, reaping a harvest of memories before the passage of time put them beyond reach. By the time the frontier closed, the western saga had found ample expression in the nation's arts and literature as well as through an array of collected material objects. In a very real sense, William F. Cody with his Wild West extravaganzas carried the tradition of Catlin to a popular conclusion in which western myth and history, enveloped in a swirling cloud of dramatic visual display, gained a world audience.

In Cody, Wyoming, on July 4, 1927, the original Buffalo Bill Museum was dedicated. This log building, which housed his collections of art and objects of the Old West, was fashioned after Cody's TE ranch house. Today, fifty years later, just across the street from the old museum, stands the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, an elaborate and inviting complex. Thus for two generations the Cody museum has been devoted to preserving and presenting America's bountiful western heritage. Sharing equally in the disciplines of art and history and literature, the center exposes the realities and myths of the West, recognizing them as determining forces in our national history and in our daily lives.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center consists of four major museums in one complex. The Buffalo Bill Museum, which moved into the present facility in 1969, houses the most extensive assemblage of Buffalo Bill material in the world. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art, built in 1959 with a grant from the Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney Trust, features an unequalled collection of masterworks of American painting and sculpture, both contemporary and historic, focused on the enduring image of the western frontier. The Plains Indian Museum, opened in 1969, is devoted to the beauty and tradition of Native American life in the West.



CHEYENNE CASE AND QUIVER
CROW
PLAINS INDIAN MUSEUM

The First Americans

American Indian peoples are represented at the Buffalo Bill Center both through their own artifacts and in paintings and sculpture. Objects in the Plains Indian Museum range from ancient petroglyphs to such nineteenth-century craftwork as this Crow bow case and quiver (above right) made of otter skins and decorated with pendants of ornamental beadwork.

The Indian was a favorite subject for many artists, including painter Henry Farny (his "Days of Long Ago" appears above) and sculptor Hermon Atkins MacNeil. MacNeil's well-known bronze (right) was done from sketches made on a trip to the Southwest in 1895; his model for the principal figure was a plaster cast in the Louvre taken from one of the Indians Columbus brought back to Spain from the New World.

THE SUN VOW, BY HERMON ATKINS MACNEIL, 1913
WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART

Explorers and Mountain Men

Following close behind the Lewis and Clark Expedition (1804–06) came the first of the mountain men, a rugged breed of adventurer whose hardy spirit is captured in Frederic Remington's bronze sculpture at left. One of the first artists to draw the mountain man was Alfred Jacob Miller, a painter in the Romantic tradition, who in 1837 joined Captain William Drummond Stewart on an expedition to the West. It was the heyday of the fur trade, and Miller encountered men like Kit Carson and Jim Bridger as well as a magnificent assemblage of 3,000 Plains Indians. The oil at right is one of the paintings inspired by what he saw.

And the new Winchester Museum, stemming from a collection of American guns begun by Oliver Winchester in the 1860s, contains a comprehensive array of over five thousand projectile arms.

Most visitors today enter the museum to gather a glimpse of Buffalo Bill, the legendary hero of a dying West. Both maligned and exalted, Cody played a variety of seemingly antithetical roles. At once conqueror and pacifier, hunter and conservationist, his life epitomized the western spirit, and as archetype and showman he carried the Far West around the world.

The Buffalo Bill material spans Cody's life from his boyhood adventures as a Pony Express rider to the height of his illustrious Wild West Show career. The over twelve thousand square feet devoted to the Cody display provide one of the largest and most comprehensive profiles of an American figure in any museum.

If the intimacy of an individual's life is explored in the Buffalo Bill Museum, the diversity of the frontier experience comes to full light in the Whitney Gallery. The exhibition opens with the works of explorer-artists George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, and John Mix Stanley, who embraced the challenge to preserve the image of western Indians before civilization took its toll. In harmony with his fellow artists, Stanley hoped that his paintings might "not fail to interest those who look . . . and excite some desire that the memory, at least, of these tribes may not become extinct."

The independent spirit of the mountain man was recorded in the lyrical watercolors and oils of Alfred Jacob Miller, and the abounding western wildlife in the paintings of William J. Hays. In the second half of the nineteenth century, Albert Bierstadt and Thomas Moran made the Rocky Mountains their studio and captured the grandeur and majesty of western history for the world to behold. Later in the century, as the frontier came to a close, Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell presented a classic overview of the evolving frontier, from exploration to exploitation. The vast Remington Studio Collection and an

The Advancing Frontier

Moving west behind the explorers and mountain men were the settlers. The inevitable clash between these pioneers and the Indian inhabitants of the West is vividly suggested in this detail from Irving Bacon's 1908 oil "Conquest of the Prairie." (Buffalo Bill himself leads the wagon train, far left.)

The Cowboy's West

Artists inspired by the drama of the cowman's frontier are brilliantly represented at the Buffalo Bill Center. One such artist, Frederic Remington, went west for the first time in 1880 and from then on devoted himself to portraying the last frontier with realism and vigor. "Prospecting for Cattle Range" (right) is one of his authentically detailed paintings of cowboy life; his "Fallen Rider" (below) reveals a similar skill in bronze. Charles M. Russell, like Remington, chose the West as his subject; the quintessential cowboy artist's dramatic "Whose Meat?" appears on the opposite page. Following the lead of Remington and Russell were artists like N. C. Wyeth (far right), whose active, realistic style proved extremely compatible with western subjects.

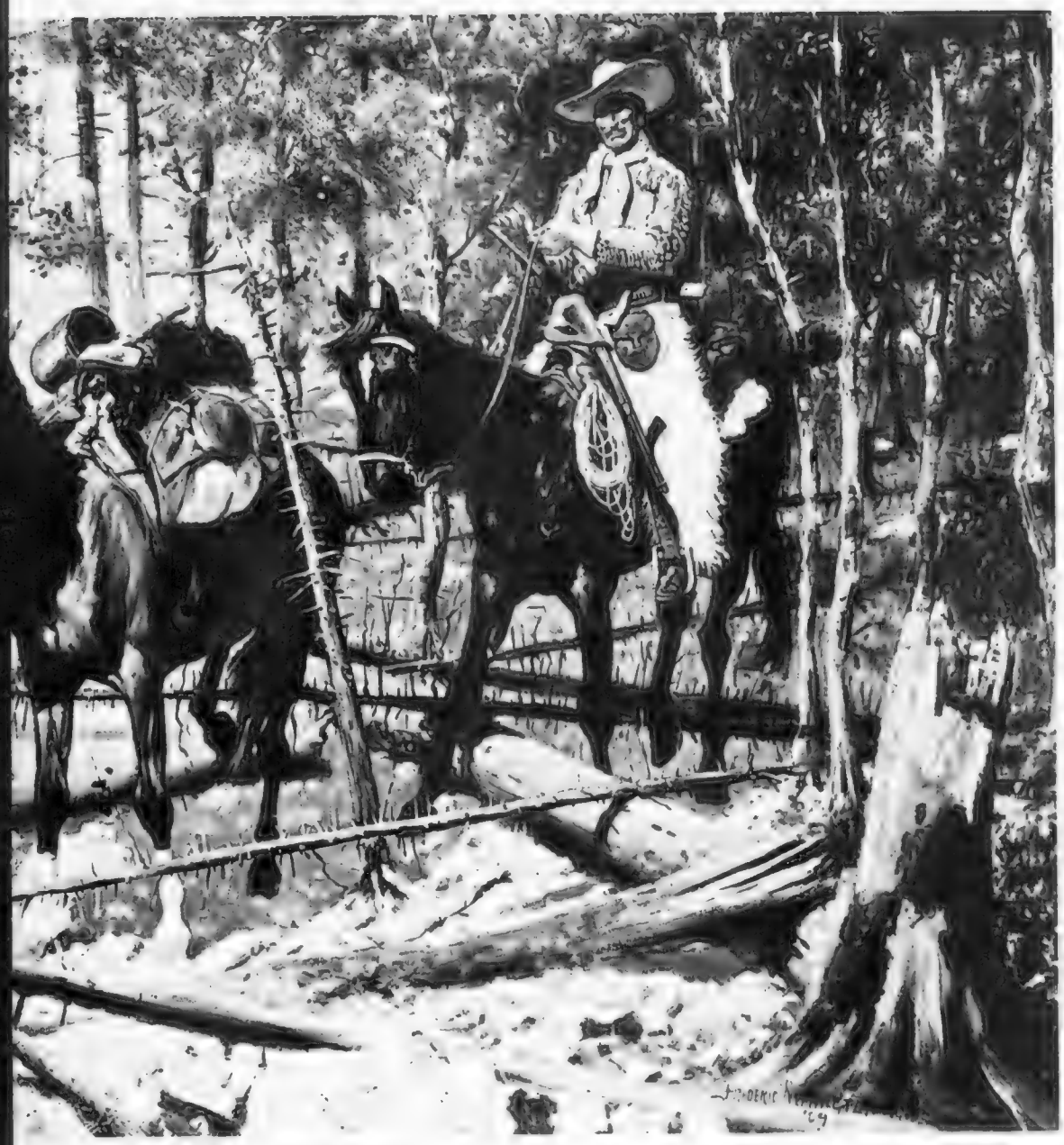
assemblage of over two hundred works by Russell on display in the Whitney Gallery make it one of the most comprehensive exhibits of these two chroniclers in existence.

The great illustrators of the western scene, from Remington to N. C. Wyeth, W. R. Leigh, and later W. H. D. Koerner, brought literature and art together into a common expression. Word and picture uniting to form historical analogue have nowhere produced a more vital result than in the telling of the western saga. Often, as in the case of Remington and Wyeth, the artist and writer were one, the union complete. Many examples of their finest works of art adorn the walls of the Whitney Gallery, providing a pictorial narrative of western lore and reality.

Contemporary art of the West also finds a respected place in the Whitney Gallery. One of the earliest overt American statements of confidence in the modern artistic interpretation of western subjects came in 1958 when the Whitney Gallery commissioned two monumental works by Harry Jackson. During the ensuing years, through an ambitious program of exhibitions and permanent acquisitions, the Whitney Gallery has continued to explore the field of contemporary western art.

Assembled from the holdings gathered by Buffalo Bill and by later private Wyoming collectors, the Plains Indian Museum was created in 1969. Comprising a display space of over sixteen thousand square feet, this permanent exhibition contains objects from the everyday life of the Plains cultures as well as the flamboyant and colorful regalia of their ceremonial pageantry. In addition to several thousand pieces of ethnographic and aesthetic importance, there are many items of historic note. The finery which once adorned Sioux leaders Red Cloud and American Horse kindle in the imagination a flame of a proud and illustrious past. The largest, most important collection of Sitting Bull's personal possessions and many of those owned by Chief Joseph are also on display.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center realizes that the native cultures of the Plains demand our reexamination. In their respect for the land and the individual, American Indians embodied a concept of life that is enduring and supremely important. A proposed addition to the present center will encompass over forty thousand square feet dedicated to



IN THE CORRAL BY N. C. WYETH 1904
WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART

the purpose of revealing and interpreting the traditions and cultural materials of the Plains Indians.

In November 1975, the famed Winchester Gun Museum collection, the most comprehensive of its kind in the world, was formally presented to the Buffalo Bill Historical Center by the Winchester Group of Olin Corporation. The gift represented one of the most impressive and magnanimous transfers of collections in museum history. Containing over five thousand different projectile weapons, some dating back as far as two thousand years, the collection graphically illustrates the ingenious variety of means by which people have armed themselves.

Tradition has it that Oliver F. Winchester, founder and first president of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, conceived the collection originally in the 1860s as a reference for competitive analysis. Wishing to apprise himself of current developments in American arms manufacture, Winchester accumulated a broad cross section of American weapons as samples. The guns thus brought together form the nucleus of the present-day collection, which as part of the center's complex, has been given the name Winchester Museum.

It is written that "history exists as a force because it is created here and now." The challenge to a museum is to utilize the materials of the past to actualize experience, to assist a society in rediscovering and developing its ability to respond to itself. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center meets that challenge. In providing a brilliant chronicle of the frontier, the center establishes a union between the past and present in the personal, one-to-one involvement of its visitors with the relics of their past. Reflected within its walls and set incontestably side by side are the restless impulses which once possessed this nation and moved it westward, and the timeless simplicity of our Indian heritage.

Peter H. Hassrick *is director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, a former curator at the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, and author of* Frederic Remington *(1973).*

GOLDEN GATEWAY T... THE YEL...W-STONE BY THOMAS MORAN 1893
WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART

Poised atop a pedestal of rough-hewn native stone adjacent to the Buffalo Bill Center is Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's heroic bronze statue of William F. Cody (below). Appropriately, the legendary frontiersman was himself a collector, and it was around his personal accumulation of art, firearms, Indian artifacts, and memorabilia that the original museum was developed fifty years ago. From that core the collection has expanded dramatically; today it provides a panoramic vision of yesterday's West—encompassing both the land itself (see Thomas Moran's magnificent oil of Yellowstone on the facing page) and its rich mixture of peoples. Currently well over a quarter million visitors tour the center during the May-September season; for each it is a chance to experience a dramatic and colorful past that now belongs to all.

Eden Ravished

The Land, Pioneer Attitudes, and Conservation

IN O. E. RÖLVAAG'S *Giants in the Earth,* a small caravan of Norwegian immigrants stopped on the prairie, and the riders got down from their wagons. They scanned the landscape in all directions and liked what they saw. It was beautiful, all good plowland and clean of any sign of human habitation all the way to the horizon. After so much hoping and planning, they had finally found their place in the new land. One of the men, Per Hansa, still had difficulty comprehending what was happening:

"This vast stretch of beautiful land was to be his—yes, his. . . . His heart began to expand with a mighty exaltation. An emotion he had never felt before filled him and made him walk erect. . . . 'Good God!' he panted. 'This kingdom is going to be mine!'"

Countless others who went to the West reacted like Rölvaag's Per Hansa. They entered the Promised Land with high expectations, possessed the land and were possessed by it. They changed the land and in time were changed by it.

The influence of the West on the American mind has interested historians ever since Frederick Jackson Turner read his momentous essay in 1893 to a meeting of the American Historical Association. In the essay, Turner con-

by Harlan Hague

"EMIGRANTS CROSSING THE PLAINS" BY ALBERT BIERSTADT, 1867, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME AND WESTERN HERITAGE CENTER, OKLAHOMA CITY

The romantic optimism of the westward movement is reflected in the faces of the pioneers in Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way, *a fervent celebration of Manifest Destiny painted by German artist Emanuel Leutze about 1861.*

cluded: "The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development." Turner went on to describe in some detail the various ways the western environment changed the frontiersman, molding him into the American. The processes and result of this evolution were in the end, by implication, favorable.

Writing in the early 1890s, Turner did not detect one of the most important themes, if not the most important, of the westward movement, a theme which would have immense impact on the shaping of the American character. This was the belief that the resources of the West were inexhaustible. Henry Nash Smith, in his influential *Virgin Land,* caught the point that Turner missed:

"The character of the American empire was defined not by streams of influence out of the past, not by a cultural tradition, nor by its place in a world community, but by a relation between man and nature—or rather, even more narrowly, between American man and the American West. This relation was thought of as unvaryingly fortunate."

This cornucopian view of the West was the basis of the frontiersman's attitude toward and his use of the land.

The typical trans-Mississippi emigrant in the last half of the nineteenth century accepted the assumption of inexhaustible resources. Yet the view of the West as an everlasting horn of plenty had been proven false long before the post-Civil War exodus. For example, commercial hunting of the sea otter along the California coast, which had begun in 1784, reached its peak around 1815; by the mid-1840s, the numbers of the animals had declined alarmingly, and the otter was soon hunted almost to extinction. The beaver's fate was similar. Soon after Lewis and Clark told about the teeming beaver populations in western streams, trappers moved westward to harvest the furs. They worked streams so relentlessly that the beaver began to disappear in areas where it had always been plentiful.

By 1840, the beaver had been trapped virtually to oblivion. No mountain man in the 1820s would have dreamed there could ever be an end to the hardy little animal. Yet unbridled exploitation had nearly condemned the beaver to extinction. The lesson was lost on Westerners.

Pioneers were not noticeably swayed by the arguments of the naturalists, who publicized the wonders of nature or went further and pled for its preservation. William Bartram, a contemporary of Jefferson, wrote eloquently about the beauty of American nature in his *Travels*. Originally published in 1791, his book was more popular in Europe than in the United States, which had yet to discover its aesthetic environment. John James Audubon had more influence in this country upon publication of his *Birds of America* series (1827–1844) and his subsequent call for protection of wildlife. Francis Parkman, while not famed as a naturalist, wrote firsthand accounts about the scenic West and the Indian inhabitants who lived in harmony with nature. It is no wonder that Parkman, who was enthralled with the outdoors, admired Indians and mountain men more than the settlers he encountered during his western travels.

There was indeed a whole body of romantic literature and art during the first half of the nineteenth century that might have persuaded Americans that environmental values could be measured in terms other than economic. William Cullen Bryant wrote with such depth of feeling about the simple pleasures of the outdoors that he is still known as one of our foremost nature poets. The founding spirit of transcendentalism, Ralph Waldo Emerson, wrote in his first book, *Nature:*

"In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man. . . . In the woods, is perpetual youth. . . . In the woods, we return to reason and faith. . . . The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. . . . In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages."

Emerson's contemporary, Henry David Thoreau, was even less restrained in his adoration of untamed nature when he wrote: "In Wildness is the preservation of the World." At the same time, Thomas Cole and the Hudson River school of landscape painters captured on canvas the essence of nature that the romantic writers had recorded in prose and poetry. And farther west, beyond the Mississippi River, George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, and Alfred Jacob Miller were painting the exotic wilderness that increasingly drew the attention of Americans.

Unmoved by praise of the aesthetic quality of the environment, frontiersmen were even less impressed by warnings that its resources were not without end. Every American generation since the colonial period had been told of the virtue of using natural resources wisely. An ordinance of Plymouth Colony had regulated the cutting of timber. William Penn had decreed that one acre of trees be left undisturbed for every five acres cleared. In 1864, only a moment before the beginning of the migration that would cover the West within one generation, George Perkins Marsh published his book *Man and Nature*, the most eloquent statement up to that time of the disastrous result that must follow careless stewardship of the land. "Man has too long forgotten," he wrote, "that the earth was given to him for usufruct alone, not for consumption, still less for profligate waste." That is, man could and should both cherish and use the land, but he should not use it up. The significance in Marsh's warning was the recognition that the land could be used up.

While American ambassador to Italy, Marsh had theorized that ancient Rome's fall could be traced to the depletion of the empire's forests. He predicted a like fate for the United States if its resources were similarly squandered. Marsh's book appears to have been widely read by American intellectuals and probably favorably influenced the movements for national parks and forestry management. In it, indeed, were the seeds of the conservation movement of the early twentieth century. Yet it is unlikely that many frontiersmen read or were aware of—or at least they did not heed—Marsh's advice.

Pioneers heard a different drummer. They read descriptions about the West written by people who had been there. Lansford W. Hastings's glowing picture of California and Oregon thrilled thousands:

"In view of their increasing population, accumulating wealth, and growing prosperity, I can not but believe, that the time is not distant, when those wild forests, trackless plains, untrodden valleys, and the unbounded ocean, will present one grand scene, of continuous improvements, universal enterprise, and unparalleled commerce: when those vast forests, shall have disappeared, before the hardy pioneer; those extensive plains, shall abound with innumerable herds, of domestic animals; those fertile valleys, shall groan under the immense weight of their abundant products: when those numerous rivers shall team [*sic*] with countless steam-boats, steam-ships, ships, barques and brigs; when the entire country, will be everywhere intersected, with turnpike roads, rail-roads and canals; and when, all the vastly numerous, and rich resources, of that now, almost unknown region, will be fully and advantageously developed."

Once developed, hopeful emigrants learned, the area would become the garden of the world. In the widely-distributed *Our Western Empire: or the New West Beyond the Mississippi*, Linus P. Brockett wrote that "in no part of the vast domain of the United States, and certainly in no other country under the sun, is there a body of land of equal extent, in which there are so few acres unfit for cultivation, or so many which, with irrigation or without it, will yield such bountiful crops."

Other books described the routes to the Promised Land. The way west was almost without exception easy and well-

Continued on page 65

Cameras at Sea...

...and in Port:

West Coast Maritime Photography

by Robert A. Weinstein

FOR MOST nineteenth-century inhabitants of the Pacific Coast, the still-untracked wilderness bordering much of the 1,500-mile coastline between Puget Sound and San Diego literally forced dependence on the sea for communication. These same ocean waters, and the bordering bays and rivers, also provided avenues of commerce for

as dark Chinese junks, ungainly but powerful craft, fished for shrimp. Not the least interesting vessels were the overloaded and overworked scow schooners, hay carriers to the City.

Ships were not the only appropriate subjects for the marine photographer's camera, however. The noisy docks

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The business of shipping goods and passengers by sea prospered in the West, nourishing the lives and fortunes of many who depended on it for their livelihood. Sharing in this bounty were a number of West Coast photographers who chose the sea and its ships as their subjects. It is hardly surprising that these photographers would find enthusiastic customers for the images they were making.

There was much to attract the eye of marine photographers on the Pacific Coast. Sailing ships bound in for San Francisco Bay, the Columbia River, and Puget Sound from foreign ports arrived in steady streams, while their timber- and wheat-laden sisters departed at equally frequent intervals, bound "down under" to Australia or "round Cape Horn" to Europe. Huge trans-Pacific passenger steamers entered and departed West Coast ports in solemn majesty, and tiny coastal steamers carried freight and passengers up and down the coast on a regular basis.

Nowhere was the pageant of greater interest or diversity than in San Francisco Bay. Powerful barkentines, handsome West Coast-built vessels, departed to load cargos of lumber for Australia, while others arrived with Hawaiian sugar for California refineries. Bouncing around the bay were two-masted "firewood" schooners loaded to their marks and often deeper with redwood from northern California forests; and three-, four-, and five-masted schooners staggering along under deck loads of Puget Sound's best Douglas fir. Sturdy feluccas, the exquisite boats of Italian fishermen, darted about like agile butterflies at play, even as dark Chinese junks, ungainly but powerful craft, fished for shrimp. Not the least interesting vessels were the overloaded and overworked scow schooners, hay carriers to the City.

Ships were not the only appropriate subjects for the marine photographer's camera, however. The noisy docks and wharves of Pacific Coast ports provided colorful, ever-changing spectacles. Of equal interest were the great, smoking sawmills that dotted the lumber spits of Puget Sound: Port Blakely, Port Gamble, Port Ludlow, Port Townsend, and Port Angeles. New harbor construction everywhere called for photographic documentation. No activity seemed too prosaic to be recorded, from work in progress at wooden-shipbuilding yards to the launching

Preceding two pages: It is difficult to look at tugboat captain Orison Beaton's timeless photograph of a monstrous roller curling to its frothy peak on the Columbia River bar and remain unmoved by the majesty and ferocity to be felt there. Think of the tugboat master responsible for his own vessel and the French bark he was towing in over the bar (the taut towline cuts through the wave at lower right) as he ducked out of the pilot house in the face of the mounting sea astern, coolly composed and exposed this remarkable photograph, and returned to shelter an instant before the collapsing wave buried his vessel in a smother of foam.

Opposite: Grays Harbor's home-grown photographer, young Charles R. Pratsch, loved to photograph the ships that came to the Aberdeen, Washington, sawmill wharves to load cargoes of local lumber. Tied up to the docks on both sides of the slow-moving Wishkah River under "Think-of-Me Hill" (a reminder to Aberdonians and sundry visitors to buy local cigars of the same name), the ships provided Pratsch with images of rugged beauty. Vessels in this fine view include the four-mast schooner Wm. J. Patterson, *an unidentified steam schooner, and the barkentine* Newsboy.

ROBERT WEINSTEIN COLLECTION.

ROBERT WEINSTEIN COLLECTION.

Landing sorely-needed lumber on San Pedro's wharves, left, involved both ancient seafaring skills and modern machinery when an unknown photographer made this picture in 1911. The docks on both sides of the main channel were handy with cranes and puffing steam donkeys, and a rail line extended to within range of the slingloads of lumber coming off the vessels.

Austere by comparison was the loading wire at Noyo Landing near Mendocino, above, photographed in 1916. Such "ports" on California's rock-bound North Coast—unprotected, dangerous "dog holes"—weren't ports at all as most seamen knew them. Once anchored in such a cove, the safest way ashore was up the quivering wire as shown. The only *way out for the mill-cut redwood piled on the bluff was down the same wire, with the heavily-loaded sling swaying and groaning as it slid to the deck of the moored schooner.*

and sea trials of newly built vessels. Even the stowing and discharging of cargo by agile longshoremen seemed touched with visual magic when framed on a camera's ground glass. The noisy gulls wheeling in flight behind San Francisco's bay ferries were transformed by talented photographers into models of nautical beauty. It is no small wonder that the waterfronts of the Pacific Coast remained pictorially exciting year after year.

THERE ARE three groupings into which West Coast marine photographers might easily be categorized: big-city professionals, other commercial photographers living in the smaller seacoast towns, and amateurs. The kinds of maritime activities photographed by each group, as well as the techniques and styles of photography used, differed significantly.

The first group deserving our attention are the big-city professionals—both those dealing in general photography and others specializing in maritime scenes. The remarkable body of maritime work produced by the generalists consists mainly of views showing such shore-based functions as ship construction and repair, cargo handling, coaling and supplying, and related dockside activities.

Certain photographers of the 1860s and 1870s, perhaps best remembered today for pictures unrelated to the maritime scene, added to their luster by photographing the activities and personnel of several great shipping companies and institutions. Esteemed California photographers Carleton E. Watkins, Edward Muybridge, Isaiah W. Taber, and Thomas Houseworth, who often traveled by deep-sea steamer or riverboat to the locales of their well-known landscape scenes, included important waterfront views among their work. One striking example of such coverage, preserved in the collections of the California Historical Society, is a magnificent portfolio of twenty-by-twenty-four-inch albumen prints produced by Watkins in the 1870s for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, showing its newly constructed San Francisco wharf, warehouses, and coaling yards. Muybridge, Taber, and Houseworth produced similar images, including large numbers of stereographic photographs of waterfront activities. We are particularly indebted to these and other big-city photographers for the understanding we can now enjoy of the appearance and workings of the major West Coast seaports of a century ago. Nevertheless, while the waterfront activity of these men was both important and visually rewarding, it provided a limited view of the entire maritime scene.

Other full-time professionals specialized almost exclusively in maritime work. These included such well-known photographers as T. H. Wilton, R. J. Waters, E. B. Swadley, Walter Scott, and W. E. Worden, all of San Francisco; Wilhelm Hester and Harry Kirwin of Puget Sound; Billy Phelps and a Mr. Scott of San Pedro; and Herbert Fitch and Lee Passmore of San Diego.

A major occupation of these photographers was the much esteemed art of ship portraiture. Feelings of pride and affection for one's ship were emotions shared by owner, master, and crewman alike, and a professionally photographed and mounted view of a command was highly prized. Usually

Two glimpses at the ever-changing pageant of ships, men, and waterfront activities that provided inspiration for San Francisco Bay maritime photographers: Above, the Crowley brothers, launch service operators, discuss business at their boat landing on the Vallejo Street Wharf while a bluejacket from a U.S. Navy warship peruses the latest reading matter. Opposite, the aging scow schooner Annie Maria, *an image of poetic beauty in the fading light of a spring day, makes her way up the Bay in light airs. The simple dignity of such "square-toed packets"—small, flat-bottomed workboats carrying produce, hay, and lumber—lay in their unpretentious usefulness.*

Puget Sound photographer Wilhelm Hester's ship portraits bear the stamp of a practiced artistic eye, consummate technical skill, and a strong feeling for the informality of seagoing life. One of his matchless wide-angle shipboard views, opposite, portrays the sober-faced master of the German bark Schiffbek *before a towering backdrop of spars and rigging. Anchored in Tacoma's Commencement Bay, the* Schiffbek *awaits a cargo of eastern Washington wheat. Hester's mastery of the 8" x 10" view camera is most evident in his below-deck photographs of ship's captains, families, and officers in the intimacy of their dimly-lighted cabins. Above: a Hester portrait of Captain Edward Gates-James, R.N.R., and Mrs. Gates-James in the Victorian plush of their seagoing home aboard the British four-mast bark* Lynton, *loading lumber at Port Blakely.*

made from a convenient dock, wharf, bridge, or other location firm enough to support the photographer's heavy view camera and tripod, the pictures were most often carefully-composed broadside views of vessels at anchor or tied up at a dock. Sometimes the photographer hired a launch or tugboat to obtain a desired vantage point.

Wilhelm Hester, a Puget Sound photographer particularly sensitive to maritime subjects, created a series of images unique among the work of photographers specializing in ship portraiture. His surviving negatives, now in the collection of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, include some two hundred amazingly detailed deck scenes made aboard sailing ships in Northwest ports. Apparently made with the aid of a wide angle lens, they are photographs of great artistic merit and impact.

A popular custom among the seamen of Hester's day was to purchase a photograph of self and companions aboard one's own vessel, either gathered aft by the wheel or forward on the fo'c'slehead. Hester was pleased to oblige, and scores of group photographs showing sailors aboard ships at the flour and lumber docks at Tacoma or Port Blakely can be found among his surviving work. Ship's officers, often posing with their own seagoing families or shoreside acquaintances, were also popular subjects for Hester's shipboard camera. The sailors and their officers, in fact, proved to be his best customers. Hester regularly mailed large numbers of these group portraits to families and friends of the seafarers he photographed—men who had arrived at Puget Sound from Europe during round-trip voyages that would take months and even years.

Hester also made a number of richly detailed photographs showing ship's masters and officers in their cabins. These studies, especially remarkable in view of the difficult lighting conditions under which the photographer labored, are of inestimable value today in providing an intimate glimpse into a domain once treated as near-sacred and inaccessible to all but a favored few. Hester's views of these ship's saloons stand alone—*no similar views have yet been discovered.*

ANOTHER ASPECT of West Coast maritime activity was documented by the commercial photographers found in small coastal communities. Catering to the general photographic needs of such towns as Arcata on Humboldt Bay, Bandon on the Oregon coast, and Redondo Beach in Southern California, they inevitably made pictures of the daily maritime activities bound up with the towns' fortunes. Our surviving images of a number of the coast's smaller ports and harbors were made almost exclusively by such local tradesmen, often itinerant, traveling image makers who stayed only a short time in individual communities.

For many of these photographers, isolated as they were in small areas, the local markets for such pictures were limited, and determining what photographs would sell was a risky and uncertain business. Some events were of such historical importance as to be obvious choices; the arrival

BOTH PAGES: HESTER COLLECTION, SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

Mariners dreaded the Pacific Coast with good reason. Rock-studded along ninety percent of its precipitous shoreline, with river mouths unfailingly bar-bound, and beset by dense fogs and uncertain currents, the region demanded that navigators approach landfalls with great caution. But prudence was not always enough to prevent disaster. Crossing a boisterous bar in tow of a tug was always *dangerous, as evidenced in the classic photograph, left, of a three-mast schooner's stormy entrance into Humboldt Bay. Above: Driven ashore at Point Arguello on the California coast, July 7, 1911, the passenger steamer* Santa Rosa *lies broadside to the beach, broken in two by the ocean's incessant pounding.*

of Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet at San Pedro in 1908 was such an occasion. But more frequently their best guide was to photograph what they or the townspeople found significant in their own lives or communities.

Sea disasters, all too frequent on the Pacific Coast, were events of considerable interest, and rarely did local photographers overlook the importance of making a pictorial record of such tragedies. Certain photographers such as Frank Woodfield at Astoria and Jack Slattery near Bandon specialized in such scenes almost exclusively.

Among these small-town photographers were men and women of particular sensitivity, some with backgrounds in art, who succeeded in opening themselves more fully than the average marine photographer to the wild beauty of the Pacific's sea-frontier. The photographs made by these camera artists surround us with beauty and drama not found in conventional views, catching the emotional intensity, the transient mood that often more exactly defines a particular scene or event. The photographic images these artists made of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century seafaring are not only believable documents of the ships and ports of the time, but poetic statements of great sensitivity as well. Charles Robert Pratsch of Aberdeen at Grays Harbor and August W. Ericson of Arcata are two sterling examples of this special type of small-town coastal photographer.

Fresh research is constantly unearthing new names, and it is impossible to list here the hundreds of photographers who make up our second category. A few whose work is better known include J. F. Thwaites at Sitka in Alaska; Asahel Curtis (brother to famous Indian photographer Edward Curtis), W. Jenner, Paul Richardson, Edward Lincoln, Webster and Stevens, and C. H. French, all operating on Puget Sound; Charles R. Pratsch, Colin MacKenzie, and Jesse O. Stearns at Grays Harbor; Frank Woodfield at Astoria; a Mr. Davidson in the Portland area; August W. Ericson and Emma Freeman on Humboldt Bay; A. O. Carpenter, M. M. Haseltine, and a Mr. Wood on the Mendocino coast; O. V. Lange and F. Moebus on San Francisco Bay; Charles Wood and William Godfrey in San Pedro; and Rudolph Schiller, J. A. Sherriff, the Parker brothers, and a Mr. Judd in the San Diego area.

OUR THIRD CATEGORY of maritime photographers is made up exclusively of amateurs and hobbyists. Some few are known by name, but far too many deserving of recognition remain unidentified. They include the ships' passengers, officers, and crew members who took cameras to sea and used them with great success. Large numbers of important waterfront photographs are also the work of amateurs, who found the activity, color, and excitement of the waterfront community irresistible.

These photographers were greatly aided by the steady improvement in photographic equipment which, by the turn of the century, had resulted in small, manageable cameras that could be held in the hand, employing fast lenses and sensitive emulsions. Picture-taking at sea on a rolling deck in heavy weather or even in a mild breeze, previously impossible with a view camera on a tripod, became an in-

PUBLIC MUSEUM, COLLECTION OF CAPTAIN P. A. MACDONALD

PUBLIC MUSEUM COLLECTION

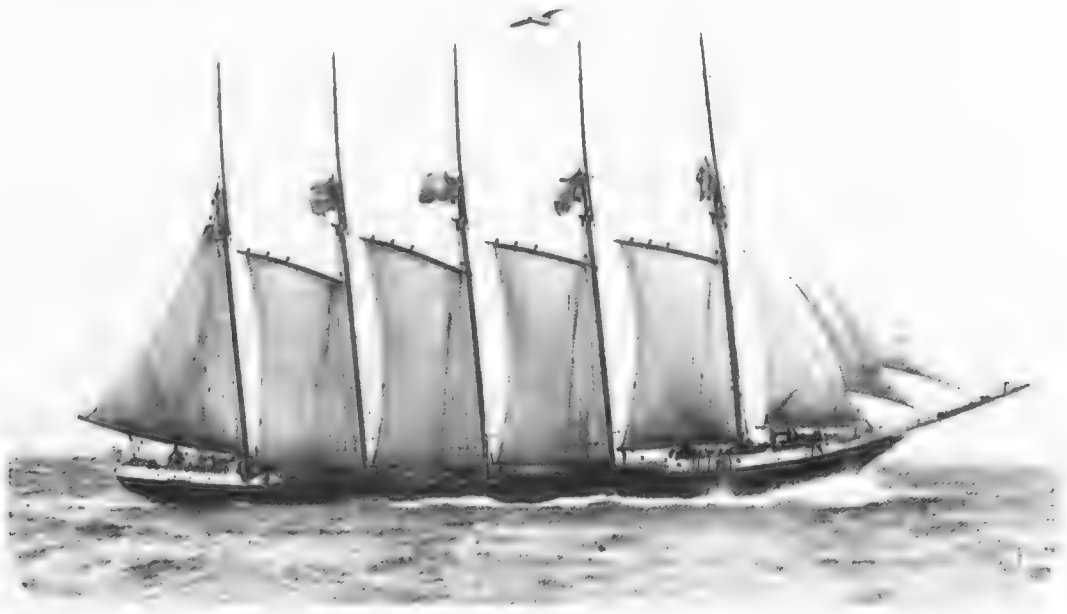
Photographing aboard vessels at sea or catching them underway was work for proper seafaring men. Puget Sound tugboat captain Orison Beaton snapped the stirring view below of the London flyer Lynton *arriving off Cape Flattery. It was Beaton she was looking for; his tug would tow the* Lynton *up Puget Sound to the lumber mills at Port Blakely.*

Photographs of ship's masters braced on their own wet quarterdecks against Cape Horn seas and strong winds are rare images. The one at far left, portraying Captain Max Stabinger of the German bark Schiffbek, *is the work of Max Krems, a young seaman who brought his postcard camera and perceptive eye to sea.*

For sheer photographic daring, consider the image at left: An adventurous chief mate, Carl Moller, determined to photograph the China-bound barkentine Jane L. Stanford *from the "outside," lashed a forty-foot plank of Douglas fir borrowed from the deckload out over her stern, crawled to its end, and took this dizzying view as the ship lifted to a rising monsoon sea.*

PLUMMER COLLECTION, SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

PLUMMER COLLECTION, SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM



creasingly popular and rewarding pastime. Amateurs who took their cameras and hopes for interesting photographs to sea often found images of great visual power for their trouble. As a result we can now examine thousands of photographs of Pacific Coast maritime history taken by scores of unknown seamen, ship's officers, tugboat masters, bar pilots, docking masters, harbor aficionados, and thousands of ships' passengers—camera buffs every one. If not for their determined efforts, much of this period in maritime history would have vanished, unrecorded.

Some few of these amateurs deserving recognition are known to us at least by name. Working around and on Puget Sound were James McCurdy of Port Townsend and two tugboat captains, Orison Beaton and Henry H. Morrison, who made unforgettable images of ships under sail at the request of their employer, George Plummer. Archibald Treat and Wm. Letts Oliver, both accomplished amateurs, produced notable work on San Francisco Bay as did Bert Lerch at Redondo Beach and San Pedro. Captain Joe Brennan, dean of pilots at San Diego, also richly deserves esteem for his photographs.

A major distinction becomes evident in surveying the images produced by the various categories of maritime photographers. The shore-based professionals (as was true of their counterparts in other major seaports around the world) limited their work, by and large, to those kinds of photographs that required tripod-mounted view cameras. Their large-format negatives, carefully composed before exposure on the camera's ground glass, often produced prints of stunning detail and technical quality. Such pictures could be taken most successfully from docks, wharves, mills, landings, or other onshore locations providing steady support during the relatively long exposures required. In contrast, the amateurs for the most part took photographs using hand-held cameras (and faster film with telling effect for instantaneous pictures) aboard vessels at sea. Made

Another of Captain Beaton's photographs, above, shows the five-masted schooner Inca *beating out of Puget Sound, just clearing Cape Flattery's headland and bound south across the Pacific to load coal for Honolulu in Newcastle, New South Wales. Taken in the teeth of a rising gale, this photograph is a peerless recording of the wind and sea's combined strength.*

Only a seafaring man, preferably an experienced towboater, could judge how perilously close the British ship Cambuskenneth, *opposite, has been allowed to run up on the stern of the tug* Wanderer *during towing operations. It speaks volumes for the skill and daring of the Puget Sound tugmaster, Captain Henry H. Morrison. Morrison's magnificent photograph captured what was for him a recurrent image of sea beauty, and for us no less, a priceless record of a vanished moment in Pacific Coast maritime history.*

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under wide-ranging conditions of wind, weather, and light, they vary in quality as a consequence. Yet we are able to turn with assurance to these amateur photographs for informal, even intimate views of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century seafaring life. It is a kind of natural intimacy that these amateurs have fixed on film—the candid quality of seamen at work in their own element—that makes their photographs so important today. It is gratifying to find proof anew that the ability to perceive and capture powerful images on film is not restricted to the trained or professional eye.

The images reproduced on these pages will never be seen again in real life. The marine photographers of the Pacific Coast, whether honored by name or unknown, professional or amateur, are our hosts. They would hope only that we will share their enthusiasm. ☙

Robert A. Weinstein *is a specialist in the history of photography and a recognized authority on Pacific Coast maritime history. He is presently at work on two books on maritime history.*

MORRISON COLLECTION, SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

Sea Shanties

Flights of Spirit Before the Mast

by Robert J. Schwendinger

When first I landed in Frisco Bay, I went upon a spree,
Me money, at last, I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be.
And when me money, it was all gone, t'was then I wanted more;
But a man must be blind to make up his mind, to go to sea once more.
"Off To Sea Once More," a forecastle shanty

SEA SHANTIES* are songs that haunt the sleep. Once you know them, you rarely forget them. They are the folk songs of the sea, arising out of the sailor's need for expression; and like the songs of the longshoreman, the lumberjack, and the chain gang, they helped establish and maintain the pace of men at labor. They sing of a young nation and a determined people, of immigrants who crossed the seas for a new land.

Oh, the times are hard and the wages low,
Amelia, where ya bound to?
The Rocky Mountains is my home,
Across the Western Ocean.

We're going away from friends and home;
We're going away to search for gold.

Beware them packet ships I pray;
They'll steal your clothes and soul away.

Sea shanties. Once they enter your blood, you become a throwback. When you sing them, relatives smile and strangers make a wide berth to avoid the peculiar sounds and the odd man making them. You sing of *one more pull and then belay, haul on the bowline, salt horse, man the capstan.* Your language is anachronistic and often coarse, though woven with enchanting melodies. The songs are flights of spirit that a man can remember some fifty and sixty years later with the deepest feelings.

Richard Henry Dana, author of *Two Years Before the Mast,* lists eleven sea shanties in describing his memorable voyage of 1835–36 and explains their use in this way: "A song is as necessary to sailors as the drum and fife to a soldier. They must pull together as soldiers must step in time, and they can't pull in time, or pull with a *will* without it. Many a time, when a thing goes heavy, one fellow yo-ho-ing a lively song like 'Heave, to the Girls,' 'Nancy, O,' 'Jack Crosstree,' 'Cheerily Man,' has put life and strength into every arm."

*There has been considerable variation in the spelling of the term, from *shanty* to *chantey* to *chauntey*. However, both folklore-of-the-sea authorities Joanna Colcord (whose father was a sea captain) and Stan Hugill prefer *shanty*. (See Joanna Colcord, *Songs of American Sailormen* [New York: Oak Publications, 1964] and Stan Hugill, *Shanties from the Seven Seas* [London, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1961] for discussions of the issue.)

Herman Melville added a few years later: "I soon got used to this singing, for the sailors never touched a rope without it. . . . It is a great thing in a sailor to know how to sing well, for he gets a great name by it from the officers, and a good deal of popularity among his shipmates. Some sea-captains, before shipping a man, always ask him whether he can sing out at a rope."

Sea shanties may be divided into four major categories: the short drag or short haul; the long drag or halyard; the capstan or windlass; and the forecastle song. Others have been called walkaways, hand-over-hand, and pumping shanties. As the work songs of the sea, each type was used for a particular shipboard activity, whether of short or long duration.

Short haul shanties were sung when a few short pulls on a line were needed. The men on deck literally shaped the massive sails aloft, performing such operations as *hauling on the bowline* (drawing in corners of sails), *hauling out the bowline* (letting out corners of sails), *boarding tacks and sheets* (holding down corners of sails), or *sweating up the halyards at the end of a long pull* (taking in a very tight line inch by inch). The short haul shanty generally had one solo and one chorus, and no pulling was done until the last word was sung, when all hands gave a mighty pull and *brought her home*. Several well-known short haul shanties are "Johnny Boker," "Round the Corner," "Boney," and "Haul Away, Joe."

When I was a little lad, and so me mother told me,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
That if I did not kiss the girls, me lips would all grow mouldy,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.

Once I had me a Brooklyn girl, oh, she was fat and lazy;
Now I got me a Frisco girl, she damned near drives me crazy.

The halyard shanty was generally used for the longer and heavier tasks aboard ship, such as hoisting sails or raising a yard aloft; work usually requiring a *long pull,* a *strong pull,* and a *pull all together*. This type of song has two choruses, generally short and of the same length as the solo. Some of these shanties are "Shallo Brown," "Tom's Gone to Hilo," and "Reuben Ranzo." Tradition has it that Reuben was a Boston tailor who was shanghied and set upon a whaling vessel, where he encountered many hardships during the long voyage.

Poor Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boy, Ranzo.
Shipped aboard a whaler,
Ranzo, boy, Ranzo.

He could not do his duty,
For neither love nor beauty.

He could not find his sea legs,
Used clumsy, awkward land pegs.

Could not splice the main brace,
He was a seasick soft case.

He could not box the compass,
The skipper caused a rumpus.

The old man was a bully,
The sea was wild and woolly.

Abused poor Reuben plenty,
He scourged him five and twenty.

He lashed him to the mainmast,
The poor seafaring outcast.

The ocean is exacting,
Is often cruel acting.

A sailor never whimpers,
Though shanghied by shore crimpers.

Capstan shanties were sung during such continuous activities as *weighing anchor* (heaving up the anchor to get underway), *warping* (moving a vessel into a desired place or position by hauling on a line or chain that has been fastened to a buoy, anchor, or pier), or loading and unloading cargo. These shanties are more harmonious than others and generally have a long chorus and a special rhythmical swing to them. They were most likely to be heard on shore by landsmen as the ship offshore weighed her anchor, making ready to warp into the dock.

Richard Maitland, who sailed at the turn of the century, recalls tramping around the capstan, "heaving on the capstan bars," and taking from three to four hours at a minimum to weigh anchor while singing the "slow and measured tread" of "Amsterdam Maid," "Rio Grande," and "Homeward Bound."

"Oh, I thought I heard the old man say,
Goodbye, fare you well, goodbye, fare you well;
Oh, we're homeward bound the very next day,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound and the wind's blowin' free;
Our girls and our wives are waiting for thee.

We're homeward bound to New York town;
So, heave up the anchor and spin it around."

Each vessel generally had its own head shantyman, who had a spirited voice and the ability to spur on the men in their work. A good shantyman was often paid more than the common sailor. Since shanties, like folk songs, reflected the personalities of the men who sang them, they were rarely sung exactly alike, with the exception, perhaps, of the lead-off verse and chorus. They varied in text and rhythm from one vessel to another, from one nation to another. It was not unusual to find a capstan shanty on one vessel used effectively as a halyard shanty elsewhere.

Not strictly a work shanty, the forecastle song (pronounced fo'c'sle) was the seaman's ballad and told of his

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exploits upon land or sea, in peace or war. The tropics, with their long weeks of calm, made heaving and hauling occasional activities, affording seamen time for rest, reflection, and the exchange of such forecastle songs as "The Flying Cloud," "The Dreadnought," and "Off To Sea Once More."

WHILE LISTENING to such sea ballads, tales spliced with reality, you attempt to understand the nature of the men who took part in this rigorous, adventurous calling that today has changed almost beyond recognition. You hear again the forecastle song, "Off To Sea Once More" (page 50), about the deepwater sailor who wakes up broke in a San Francisco boardinghouse. Fleeced of everything he possessed—pocket watch, money—and without means to secure warm gear, he is forced to ship "where cold winds blow through ice and snow and Jamaica rum would freeze." Police ignored the exploited condition of such men, and the community looked upon them as sea-trash, drunken, brainless brutes without education or religion.

San Francisco's Barbary Coast was an open port for years, acquiring a worldwide notoriety. Tales about this "Paradise of the Pacific" reached the ears of seamen everywhere, and despite the known dangers, they all wanted to ship there at least once.

But San Franciscans preferred to keep arriving seamen at a comfortable distance. Many citizens had little or no pride in their port, while not a few expressed genuine shame. Others clearly feared its dives and forbidden dens. For almost three decades, the Barbary Coast was plagued by men who preyed on seafarers: boardinghouse masters like Shanghai Brown and Calico Jim; early hiring agents (called "crimps") such as Shanghai Kelly and Jimmy Laflin; and a number of unscrupulous sea captains. Shanties sometimes warned of such men:

If ya ever go to Frisco Town,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Mind ya steer clear of Shanghai Brown,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

An edition of the San Francisco *Bulletin* from the 1860s describes a common scene as a ship entered San Francisco Bay:

"Upon her arrival in this harbor, a vessel is immediately boarded by runners for the boardinghouses, who bring liquor with them, intoxicate the crew, carry off a number of them before the vessel is made fast to the wharf. . . . The sailor receives his wages and is taken in charge by the boardinghouse. These places are sinks of iniquity of the vilest descriptions; the sailor is kept there for a greater or less number of days, plied with poisonous liquor, turned over to a shipping master, and shipped off for a new voyage. His pay inward and outward and advance money is appropriated for board, etc. He is sent aboard ship insufficiently clothed, and often arrives in cold climate . . . in the dead . . . of a tempestuous winter, requiring hard and constant work, without shoes or jacket. . . . He necessarily suffers, becomes demoralized, often sick."

While tales of notorious crimps and of shanghaiing also emerged from the California ports of San Pedro and Eureka in the 1880s, coastwise seamen, who had settled in the smaller towns up and down the coast by the 1870s, generally avoided the extreme exploitation found in the large ports. But the deepwater sailor and other "strangers" (recently arrived landsmen in search of a livelihood) were highly vulnerable to the traps laid by crimps and boardinghouse masters.

Finally, however, seamen's unions, the devastation wrought by the earthquake and fire of 1906, and the federal act to prohibit shanghaiing foreshadowed the end of the Barbary Coast. The next decade and a half witnessed the final days of sail.

Deepwater sailors also particularly bore the scars of harsh conditions afloat. Many whalers became known as "floating hells." Their hulls were old and rotten, many having been discarded after years of service in the China-tea and Cape Horn trades or with packet lines. Their forecastles were small, ill-ventilated, poorly lighted and rat-infested—unfurnished black holes. Herman Melville describes the crew's quarters in the *Julia,* a whaling vessel in *Omoo:* "Myriads of cockroaches, and regiments of rats, disputed the place with us . . . you may seal up every hatchway, and fumigate the hull till the smoke forces itself out of the seams, and enough [rats and roaches] will survive to repeople the ship in an incredibly short period . . . the vermin seem to take actual possession."

Other "hell ships" were scheduled liners where man and vessel were driven unusually hard by overzealous and sometimes sadistic officers dubbed "bucko mates."

As soon as that packet got clear of the bar,
To me way, hey, blow the man down!
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar,
Give me some time to blow the man down!

As soon as that packet got clear out to sea;
T'was dev'lish hard treatment of every degree.

And as for that chief mate the dirty ol' brute;
We hope when he dies straight to hell he'll skyhoot!

There were also cruel captains, such as Frank Thompson of the brig *Pilgrim,* the merchantman Richard Henry Dana signed on to California. Dana witnessed the flogging of a shipmate and wrote about it in anger and disgust. The incident echoes thousands of others that occurred aboard frigates over the years, the kind that Herman Melville relates in *White Jacket* and that is portrayed in the vivid sea ballad "Press Gang."

The first thing they did, they took me in hand,
They flogged me with a tarry strand;
They flogged me till I could not stand,
On board of a man-of-war, boys.

They hung me up by my two thumbs,
And they cut me till the blood did run;
And that was the usage they gave me,
On board of a man-of-war, boys.

In the early days, crews on American vessels came from cities and towns where activity on the sea was a shared means of survival, where children looked forward to seafaring life with awe, pride, and great respect. Eventually the composition of men in the maritime service changed. Only ten to twenty percent were native-born by the end of the 1800s, the great shift taking place in the second half of the century. The foreign-born left the "old world" for a variety of reasons; most leaving occupations that offered great toil and little reward, others leaving home because of famine and lost hope. Among others, Blacks, Scandinavians, Germans, Italians, and Chinese became increasingly common in the forecastle. Major influences in the sea shanty developed from these varying groups, particularly the Irish, English, and Black longshoremen.

As the nation grew, so, too, did the ranks before the mast. They plied the seas and inland waterways in lumber schooners, Cape Horners, codfishermen, Western Ocean packets, sealers, river scows, windjammers, paddle-wheel ferries, downeasters, salmon packets, whalers, river sloops, and China-tea clippers. They were all manner of men: religious, irreligious, sensitive, insensitive, drinkers, teetotalers, reflective, loners, gregarious. The humanity of the sea was the humanity of the nation, complex and diverse. They were men who were masters of their vernacular culture at work and at leisure, a seafaring community that also made outstanding contributions to exploration, literature, art, and science.

But those days, when land and sea were major forces in the lives of men, are all but memories.

THE SONGS don't sound the same," an old mariner tells you. "Something's missing." Wind whistling in the rigging, flapping canvas, the movement of cargo and ship, the roar of ocean and sky, scuffling on the deck, voices—all part of a unique orchestra. "There are no real ships today. Containers. Floating computers."

Heave away! When sung, sea shanties elicit pride. Granted, some have a hard, boisterous tone; yet something more fundamental underlies the songs. Perhaps a statement about life, pure, elemental, where even in its plaintive registers, there exists a discernible strain of hope. Hurry men! Keep alive to the natural forces; all heave together; the wind will power our vessel; the ocean provides our highway; haul to the rhythm of the universe!

Much of the seamen's pride was focused upon the ships they sailed, as in the shanty "Clear the Track."

Oh, the smartest clipper you can find,
Oh, ho, what ho, are you most done?
Is the Marg'ret Evans *of the Blue Cross Line,*
So, clear the track, let the bullgine run.

Oh, the Marg'ret Evans *of the Blue Cross Line;*
She's never a day behind her time.

Sailors also felt pride in the work they accomplished and in those officers who were, as Samuel Eliot Morison states, "The world's standard in ability and conduct." They were men of "high character and education" with "all the practical seamanship of the old school." The prideful respect seamen had for both ship and a good captain is expressed in the shanty "The *Dreadnought*." Smashed to pieces among the rugged cliffs and roaring breakers off Cape Horn, the *Dreadnought*'s career ended abruptly in 1869. Her crew

managed to escape and was rescued after being adrift in the boats fourteen days.

There is a flash packet, flash packet of fame,
She hails from New York and the Dreadnought*'s her name.*
She is bound for the westward where the stormy winds blow;
Bound away in the Dreadnought *to the westward we'll go.*

Now the Dreadnought*'s arrived in New York once more,*
Let's go ashore, shipmates, on the land we adore;
With wives and sweethearts, so happy we'll be,
And drink to the Dreadnought *wherever we be.*

Now a health to the Dreadnought *and all her brave crew,*
To bold Captain Samuels and his officers, too;
Talk about your flash packets, Swallowtail *and* Black Ball,
The Dreadnought*'s the flier that outsails them all.*

Gentleness is also found in the songs. After one to four years away at sea, one's homeland took on the fondest of meanings. The songs, as well as letters and poems written thousands of miles from home, reflected the same sentiments:

Her Tommy's gone, what will she do?
Away, Hilo.
He's a harpooner on a whaling crew;
Tom's gone to Hilo.
So, goodbye Sal, and goodbye Sue;
In four long years we'll come back to you.

Mothers and fathers don't you cry;
Brothers and sisters say goodbye.
. . . . . .
I dreamed a dream the other night,
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.
I dreamed I saw my own true love,
Lowlands, lowlands away.
She came to me all in my sleep;
And then I knew my love was dead.

The coarse hands that wrote the letters and poetry and sang the songs also created astonishing works of art in the stuffy forecastle: seafaring scenes delicately scrimshawed on whale teeth and bone; accurately carved models of ships interlaced in yards of fine rigging; intricate compositions of nautical macrame; hearts and words of sentiment fondly embroidered on cushions and pillows.

Melancholy is also in the songs, perhaps a tone similar to that found in the Black spiritual. Seafarers bore the weight of their low, caste-like state for centuries, whether as British subjects under the monarchy or as Americans in a young democracy. They were outsiders to port towns, easy targets for the greedy. Little more than saloons, sleazy dance halls, and houses of prostitution was available in the large ports. Communities and governments were largely indifferent to the seaman's plight. A few conspired through "understandings" and laws to limit the rights of men before the mast. *Impressment* was an earlier term for being *shanghied*. Both acts virtually committed seamen to servitude. The songs describe these conditions with words of warning or despair.

Humor is also in the songs, reflecting the seaman's ability to engage in earthy self-criticism, whether in commenting on the consequences of drinking whiskey or grog (watered down rum) or on extreme conditions afloat.

Whiskey made me wear old clothes;
Whiskey gave me a broken nose.

Whiskey caused me much abuse;
Whiskey put me in the calaboose.
. . . . . .
Me boots an' clothes are all in pawn,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!
It's mighty drafty round Cape Horn,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

There is a unique smile on history as well.

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution,
Hey, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
But then he got his head cut off, it ruined his constitution.
Hey, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

ENCOUNTERS WITH WOMEN ashore is a subject about which the experienced "shellback" frequently enlightened the unsuspecting sailor who had yet to learn about being "rolled" or lured into the shanghai trap.

I slept that night with Angeline, too drunk to roll in bed.
Me watch was new and me money, too, in the morning with them she fled.
And when I roamed the streets that day, the girls they all would roar:
There goes Jack Rat, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more.

Come all of you bold seafaring men who listen to my song.
When you come off of them long trips, take heed you don't go wrong.
Take me advice, drink no strong drink, don't go sleeping down by the shore;
But get married, me lads, and have all night in, and don't go to sea no more.

The subject of women is treated in a variety of ways in the songs. Some songs are woven with soft, romantic melodies as is "Shenandoah," about an Indian chieftain whose daughter attracted the love of a French fur trapper. Americans responded to its universal sentiment, and even-

tually, through usage and change, took the song as their own.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter;
I love the place across the water.

The ship sails free, the wind is blowing;
The braces taught, the sheets a-flowing.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'll leave you never;
Till the day I die, I'll love you ever.

Other songs about women are fashioned like the "holler" of the Black longshoreman and sung in a lively, bold voice as in "Hog-eye-Man." The sudden flood of population during the Gold Rush of 1849 placed great demands for supplies on the neighboring towns and farms of the Bay Area. River barges, called "hog-eyes," like their cousins, the flat-bottomed scow schooners, transported anything from hay to lumber to livestock up and down the American, Sacramento, and San Joaquin rivers. They were precursors to the rolling trains and trucks that eventually bridged the rural and the urban.

In San Francisco, so they say,
The hog-eye man goes around all day.

And a hog-eye, railroad Nellie in a hog-eye.
Row ashore in a hog-eye, oh; she wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, Sally in the garden shellin' peas,
Her golden hair hangin' down to her knees.

Oh, Sally in the garden sittin' on his knee,
She fell for the hog-eye, just in from sea.

In San Francisco, there she'll wait,
For the hog-eye man to walk through the gate.

Many of the songs have raw, unabashed lines that vividly describe women in poetic terms, in metaphors and similes shaped with the skill of poets.

She was bowlin' along with the wind blowin' free;
She clewed up her courses and waited for me.

Her flags were three colors, her masts they were low;
She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow.

I dipped her my ensign, a signal she knew;
She backed-round her mainyards and hove herself to.

I threw her my flipper and took her in tow;
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go!

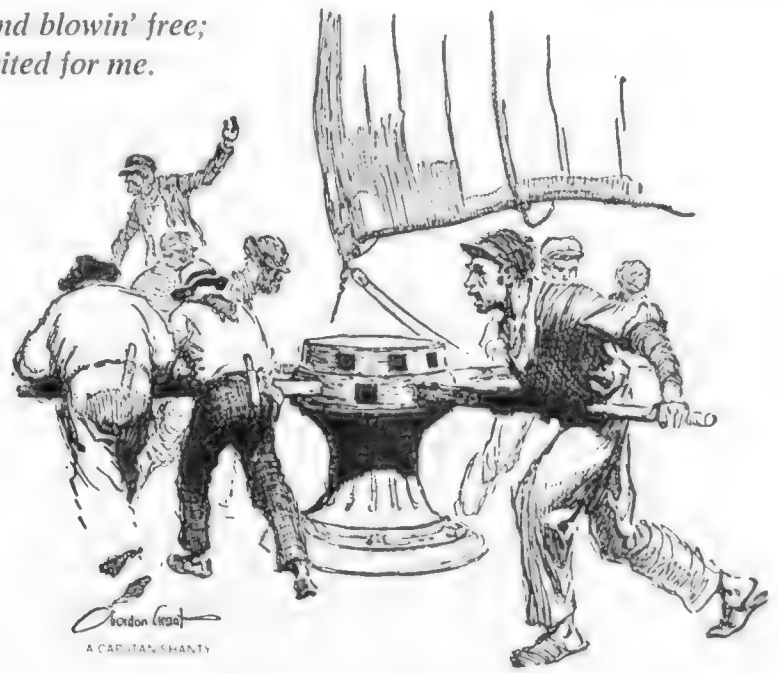
Some sea shanties, of course, dealt with women and other topics in bawdy terms. But perhaps the greatest compilers of songs and lines that were socially offensive were "landsmen" who recorded or wrote them as though they were the only kind seafarers sang. Such preoccupation with the bawdy texts overshadowed and tended to discredit the vast majority of songs that describe in bold and haunting terms the lives and times of seafaring men.

The pride, the gentleness, the longing, the despair, the humor, the boldness, the strength, the poetry—all represent a spirit as large as mankind itself, not only accommodating disappointment but glory as well. Like the sea that has lured man for centuries, the spirit of seafarers is still a living presence in the cities and towns that were once wholly dependent on shipping.

Imagine returning to the embarcadero on a clear day when a magnificent Cape Horner offshore weighs her anchor, making ready to warp into the dock. You join the crowd gathering on the pier to listen to the singing of the crew on board. The men are tramping around the capstan, the head shantyman leading them off with an enchanting verse; suddenly their voices rise together in a strong chorus, pleasantly sounding out across the water a capstan shanty like "Sacramento," "A-Roving," "Santa Ana," "Clear the Track," "Shenandoah," or "Rio Grande."

To hear the powerful songs again—to imagine a deck under you and the sea wind about you—is to return for a moment to the times and lives of seafaring men.

Robert J. Schwendinger *is a teacher, lecturer, and writer on sea history, literature, and lore. He was project director of the Humanities of the Sea Lecture Series funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities.*



Sacred Circles & Ship Models

"Sacred Circles: Two Thousand Years of North American Indian Art," one of the largest and most comprehensive exhibits of Native American art ever assembled, will be on view at the **Nelson Gallery of Art-Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Missouri,** from April 16 through June 19. The exhibit, which originally appeared in London under sponsorship of the Arts Council of Britain in honor of the U.S. Bicentennial, includes 850 objects on loan from ninety museums and collections in six countries. Many of the objects have not been seen in North America for centuries: on loan from the Linden Museum in Stuttgart, Germany, is a painted buffalo hide collected by Prince Maximilian during his journey up the Missouri River in 1833; while a Northwest Coast mask collected by Captain James Cook during his 1776–1780 voyage to the Pacific is on loan from the British Museum.

Las Escarbadas, a restored fieldstone and wood building that was once a division headquarters at the three-million-acre XIT Ranch in Texas was opened to the public on April 1. The restored building is the newest addition to the **Ranching Heritage Center** of the **Museum of Texas Tech University, Lubbock,** an extensive outdoor exhibit depicting the history of ranching in America.

A 1908 six-inch disappearing **carriage gun** was recently dedicated at Battery Chamberlin, Baker Beach, **Golden Gate National Recreation Area, San Francisco.** A gift from the Smithsonian Institution, the 95,000-pound gun is one of the type that guarded the Golden Gate from 1903 to 1917.

The Nebraska State Country Music and Prairie Exposition will be held June 10–12 at the Douglas County Fairgrounds, **Waterloo, Nebraska.** Sponsored by the Cornhusker Country Music Club, the exposition's purpose is to perpetuate the music, arts, and crafts of Nebraska pioneers.

The thirty-second annual **American Indian Artists Exhibition** will be open to the public from May 8 through July 3 at the **Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa, Oklahoma.** On display will be paintings, sculpture, graphic arts, and crafts by living North American Indian artists, including a special section for the work of school-age children.

Belching smoke and sounding its whistle, a 104-year-old wood-burning steam locomotive renamed the Jupiter was the center of attention at the September 1976 opening of the **Central Pacific Railroad Station Museum** at **Old Sacramento State Historic Park** in California. The new railroad museum, a replica of the original 1867 station, was built on the same site. Open to the public daily, the reconstructed station includes an elegant Victorian ladies' waiting room, a baggage room filled with nineteenth-century-style freight, a snack bar called the "Silver Palace Eating Stand," and on the nearby tracks, a group of historic western locomotives and coaches.

Entries in the fourth annual **Ship Model Competition** will be on display May 21 at the **Columbia River Maritime Museum, Astoria, Oregon.** A model of any type of vessel may be entered, provided it is entered by the builder. Entry forms can be obtained from the museum, 1618 Exchange Street, Astoria 97103.

Royston House, a 131-year-old Greek revival home built of heart-pine lumber, is the most recently renovated building at **Old Washington Historic State Park in Washington, Arkansas,** a mid-nineteenth-century town being restored under the auspices of the Arkansas Department of Parks and Tourism.

In addition to Royston House, visitors to Old Washington can explore such varied structures as the 1863–1865 Confederate state capitol; a reconstructed tavern where Sam Houston plotted the independence of Texas; an 1832 house

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The Indian in Art

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM GARDNER BELL

IN ANY CALCULATION of the nation's heritage, citizens of all backgrounds no less than red Americans are beholden to the documentary artists who, working from life with authentic subjects and before the age of photography, compiled a visual record of the American Indian. From the 1820s into the 1840s, Charles Bird King, Peter Rindisbacher, George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, Alfred Jacob Miller, John Mix Stanley, and Nicholas Point created works that, in the long sweep of history and heightening social consciousness, have become increasingly influential. Some but by no means all of their material has been published periodically through the years. New books now center attention upon two of these men and their works: King, who painted in the nation's capital, and Bodmer, who sketched on the frontier.

The Indian Legacy of Charles Bird King by Herman J. Viola *(Smithsonian Institution and Doubleday & Company, Washington and New York, 1976; 152 pp., intro., illus., biblio., notes, index, $19.95).*

People of the First Man: Life Among the Plains Indians in Their Final Days of Glory edited by Davis Thomas and Karin Ronnefeldt, watercolors by Karl Bodmer *(E. P. Dutton, New York, 1976; 256 pp., intro., illus., notes, index, $29.95).*

Herman Viola focuses upon the War Department's Indian portrait gallery: its conception by Superintendent Thomas L. McKenney of the Indian Bureau; the Indian visitors to Washington who became its subjects; its execution principally by Charles Bird King; and the McKenney portrait publication project that Bernard DeVoto called "a monument of American culture." Viola has located and lists 66 King portraits extant today. Of 130-odd illustrations in his book, 44 are in color, many published so for the first time. He reproduces the Indian portrait gallery catalog from an 1859 Smithsonian guide —a useful tool in light of the fire that destroyed the original portraits in 1865. Other features include the first publication of 16 charcoal sketches that King used to produce copies of some of his portraits, and a select introduction on Indian portraiture by the eminent ethnologist John C. Ewers.

Anent his 1974 biography of McKenney and this 1976 book on King's legacy, Viola deserves a word of consolation and reassurance. These books appeared two and four years respectively after the 1972 publication of James D. Horan's *The McKenney-Hall Portrait Gallery of American Indians,* containing a full-length biography of McKenney and color reproductions of the War Department gallery. To have another author beat you to publication on a subject you have invested years in offers perhaps compelling justification to ignore the competing work in your own. Yet variations in scope, research, organization, style, illustration, and format largely neutralize the bugaboo of duplication; these works are complementary, not offsetting.

Even as McKenney was preparing some of King's portraits for first publication in the 1830s, a Prussian ethnologist, Prince Maximilian of Wied, led an expedition up the Missouri River to study the American West and compare its Indians with the native tribes that he had encountered on a previous expedition to Brazil. He brought with him the accomplished Swiss-born artist Karl Bodmer. Maximilian spent a year in the trans-Mississippi wilds studying such tribes as the Mandan, Minnetaree, Assiniboin, Gros Ventre, Cree, Blackfoot, and Sioux; then returned to Europe to prepare his field notes for publication. The German edition of his journal was published in 1839; an English edition followed in 1843, reprinted in 1906 in Reuben Gold Thwaites's *Early Western Travels.*

Davis Thomas and Karin Ronnefeldt, the husband-wife editors—indeed entrepreneurs—of *People of the First Man,* note at the outset that "the surpassing importance of Maximilian's published account . . . has long been acknowledged by scholars [while] Bodmer's hand-colored aquatint engravings were hailed as masterpieces of ethnographic reporting from the moment of their first publication." How, then, review a classic?

This book differs markedly from its distant predecessors. The editors have moved selected parts of the English translation into dated journal form, added previously unpublished material from the longhand journal, organized the whole into six sections, and supplied introductions and bridges for a nicely rounded presentation. They have illustrated the text from seventy-six original Bodmer watercolors, half or more never before published; and seventy-five black and whites, some from watercolors and almost all previously unpublished.

Mildred Goosman of the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha—repository of the unique Maximilian-Bodmer collection—provides a correlative introduction, and the editors an afterword that relates the expedition's providential timing to an impending smallpox epidemic that will decimate the Missouri River tribes.

This beautiful work is a worthy tribute to Prince Maximilian and Karl Bodmer as well as to the native American culture they did so much to preserve.

William Gardner Bell, *U.S. Army Center of Military History, is working on a volume of portraits and biographical sketches of the secretaries of war and the army.*

RECENT WESTERN BOOKS

A Dictionary of the Old West by Peter Watts *(Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1977; 402 pp., illus., intro., biblio., $12.95).*

An English civil servant who has written more than one hundred Westerns (under the pseudonyms Matt Chisholm and Cy James) has lovingly collected and defined over two thousand words and phrases spoken on the western frontier between 1850–1900. The definitions are supplemented by period drawings and colorful citations from the great western writers.

Western Train Robberies by Don DeNevi *(Celestial Arts, Millbrae, California, 1976; 201 pp., illus., $4.95 paper).*

This chronicle of the major train robberies in the frontier West should make enjoyable reading for railroad aficionados. The book includes a number of old photographs from railway files.

America's Forgotten Architecture by the National Trust for Historic Preservation, Tony P. Wrenn and Elizabeth D. Mulloy *(Pantheon Books, New York, 1976; 312 pp., illus., appen., biblio., index, $20.00 cloth, $8.95 paper).*

This outstanding book, with 475 richly detailed black-and-white photographs, should serve as a source of both inspiration and information for all interested in preserving America's architectural past. Included are useful essays on the problems and methods of historic preservation.

The City at the End of the Rainbow: San Francisco and Its Grand Hotels by David Siefkin *(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1976; 256 pp., illus., biblio., index, $9.95).*

This is an anecdotal account of San Francisco's four great hotels—the Palace, the Mark Hopkins, the Fairmont, and the St. Francis—and the visitors, ranging from Oscar Wilde to Nikita Khrushchev, who have enjoyed them.

Mud, Space & Spirit: Handmade Adobes by Virginia Gray and Alan Macrae with photographs by Wayne McCall *(Capra Press, Santa Barbara, 1976; 95 pp., illus., glossary, biblio., $7.95 paper).*

In a series of intimate photographs and accompanying text, this interesting small book describes a group of modern-day adobe homes in the Southwest and the people who built and inhabit them.

Private Theodore Ewert's Diary of the Black Hills Expedition of 1874 edited by John M. Carroll and Lawrence A. Frost *(CRI Books, Piscataway, New Jersey, 1976; maps, intro., appen., index, $17.50).*

Theodore Ewert, trumpeter of Company "H," 7th U.S. Cavalry, kept a journal while he marched with Custer's Black Hills Expedition. Never before published in its entirety, Ewert's lively, often critical commentary on Custer and the mission reaches a cynical conclusion: "And so the expedition came to an end, for which our national honor was stained, the result hardly equal to the value of the many horses lost by us, and only a success as far as the Custer family is concerned."

Artists of the Canyons and Caminos: Santa Fe, the Early Years by Edna Robertson and Sarah Nestor *(Peregrine Smith, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1976; 166 pp., illus., index, $14.95).*

This engaging small book describes the painters, writers, and musicians who fell in love with Santa Fe and lived there during the period 1910–1940. Accompanying the text are photographs of the artists and their work, including a color portfolio of representative paintings.

The New Madrid Earthquakes of 1811–1812 by James Penick, Jr. *(University of Missouri, Columbia, 1976; 181 pp., illus., maps, tables, biblio., index, $10.00).*

Beginning in December 1811, a series of earthquakes jolted a frontier area of almost a million square miles centered in southeastern Missouri and northeastern Arkansas. The quakes and their effect on the inhabitants of the region (both settlers and Native Americans) are thoroughly documented in this attractive small book by historian James Penick, Jr.

The Illustrated Biographical Encyclopedia of Artists of the American West by Peggy and Harold Samuels *(Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York, 1976; 549 pp., illus., intro., biblio., $25.00).*

This extensive guide contains 1,700 short biographies of western artists dating from the era of exploration to the 1950s. A typical entry describes the artist's career and western experiences; and lists collections containing his work, references for further study, and recent prices for his art.

The Great Retreat by Pascal Tschakmakian *(Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1976; 120 pp., illus., map, $4.95 paper).*

The bitter history of Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés of the Idaho-Washington-Oregon region is recounted in this handsome paperback studded with fine early photographs.

Colonial Russian America: Kyrill T. Khlebnikov's Reports, 1817–1832 translated with introduction and notes by Basil Dmytryshyn and E. A. P. Crownhart-Vaughan *(Oregon Historical Society, Portland, 1976; 158 pp., illus., maps, intro., glossary, appen., biblio., index, $12.00 cloth, $6.50 paper).*

Published in English for the first time, these wide-ranging notes on Sitka and Fort Ross by a high-ranking official of the Russian American Company are an important addition to the early history of the North Pacific Coast. Khlebnikov's wide-ranging observations are supplemented by an excellent group of illustrations.

Between the Creeks: Recollections of Northeast Texas by Deborah Brown and Katharine Gust *(Encino Press, Austin, Texas, 1976; 87 pp., illus., intro., map, $12.50).*

In this sensitively done small book, the words of old settlers together with black and white photographs of their northeast Texas environment evoke a strong sense of a bygone time when the land was uncleared and unfenced.

Converted into Houses by Charles A. Fracchia and Jeremiah O. Bragstad *(The Viking Press, New York, 1976; 95 pp., illus., $15.00).*

This intriguing, full-color book pictures unusual homes, including many in the West, converted from such relics of the past as barns, mills, boats, an icehouse, a butterscotch factory, and even a chicken coop.

John Muir's Wild America by Tom Melham with photographs by Farrell Grehan *(The National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 1976; 200 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $4.75).*

A photographer and a writer trace John Muir's path through the forests and mountains of America.

THE BEST ON THE WEST FROM OKLAHOMA

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Frémont

REVIEWED BY GEORGE R. STEWART

LET US HAVE no one crying out about a book that tells him more about penguins than he wants to know. True, 598 pages end up by being a lot of book. But then, John Charles Frémont was a lot of man.

Frémont: Explorer for a Restless Nation by Ferol Egan *(Doubleday & Company, New York, 1977; 598 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $14.95).*

Ferol Egan should be known to readers of *The American West* for his contributions to it. In addition to these readers, all interested in historical writing in the West should have observed that Egan's star is rising. He is the author, in the last few years, of *The El Dorado Trail* and *Sand in a Whirlwind*, both taking shape from his conviction that the modern reader wants reliable scholarship but likes it better when it is combined with a readable style.

Sizable though the present book undoubtedly is, it does not attempt to cover all of Frémont's political career as a senator and first Republican candidate for president. His Civil War involvements, also, are sketched only briefly.

The meat of this volume is in its account of the five westward-heading expeditions under Frémont's command. In their very number they suggest the acts of a Shakespearean tragedy, and—as we consider—the likeness becomes more than one of number.

In the first expedition (1842) we see what critics of drama call the "rising action," with the youthful hero triumphing partly by courage and good sense, partly by charisma, and partly, it may be, by luck.

Of the five, the great second expedition (1843–44) was the most fruitful and brought an amazing and nation-wide acclaim.

The greatness lingered with the third expedition (1845–46). But this time, instead of returning with drums and trumpets, the explorer had to turn soldier. Egan here rises to the necessity of taking Frémont through the complicated "conquest of California." At the end of this episode, the once-charismatic youth found himself, like that other explorer Columbus, dragged back, if not, as Columbus was, in chains, then at least in the figurative chains of an impending court-martial.

Possibly, as the phrase goes and as it appears to this reviewer, Frémont was "never the same man afterwards." The fourth expedition (1848–49) began with poor judgment and recklessness, and it ended in death and sheer horror.

The fifth expedition (1853–54), much like the fourth, seems to have been based on bravado, undertaken to prove a geographical thesis and in the end, ironically, proving the opposite.

Egan has now arrived at a sufficient maturity as scholar and writer to handle this major subject. His appraisal of Frémont himself is highly favorable, and on the basis of his review of the sources, Egan obviously is one whose opinion we cannot disregard.

As the court-martial indicates, Frémont was a man who aroused controversy, and historians of necessity have continued to be pro or anti in writing about him. A pro may declare, "From the ashes of his campfires have sprung cities." An anti may retort, "What cities?" When anyone asks what Frémont discovered, there turns out to be nothing of much more importance than Pyramid Lake. But the defender may point out that Frémont used good judgment in not following the main routes, as the mountain men had already established them. By so doing, Frémont was able to delve into the nooks and crannies of the West that were still unexplored.

Having surveyed all the material, Egan comes out as pro Frémont—at least with reference to the three magnificent earlier expeditions. And of what other explorer would you feel tempted to use the word "magnificent"? Though he might sometimes have failed, Frémont always displayed what we may call "style." We have here a fine book about him, both scholarly and readable.

George R. Stewart, *professor of English emeritus at the University of California, Berkeley, is the author of* Ordeal by Hunger, Storm, Fire, Earth Abides, The California Trail, *and other books.*

HISTORY

(Continued from page 56)

believed to be the oldest of its kind still standing in the state; and a reconstructed blacksmith shop where a local smith crafted the now-famous Bowie knife.

Plans for the future at the park include restoration of the 1874 Hempstead County Courthouse; the installation at the park of an 1883-built steam-powered cotton gin believed to be the only remaining steam-powered gin in the nation; and the renovation of a two-room dogtrot building dating from the 1850s to house a physician's office and apothecary shop.

Ansel Adams' photographs of the Southwest will be on display at the **Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth,** through May 22. **"Riverboats on the Mississippi,"** a photographic essay on the Howard Shipyards at Jeffersonville, Indiana (from copy negatives of the builder's photographs) will follow from May 27–June 26.

The western half of **Santa Fe's Palace of Governors,** the oldest public building in the United States, has been restored and reopened to the public. Built in 1610, the Palace was once the seat of Spanish colonial government in the New World. Today its seventeen rooms house exhibitions on New Mexico's Indian, Spanish, and Anglo heritages.

A major exhibit of 400 photographs from a portfolio by **Edward Curtis** will open May 10 at the **Oregon Historical Society, Portland,** and continue through September.

Wearing old-country costumes, the citizens of **Prague, Oklahoma** will hold a **Kolache Festival** on May 7. This Czechoslovakian celebration will feature *kolaches* (sweet rolls filled with fruit and other delights) and folk dancing in the street.

The **Pacific Northwest Championship All-Indian Rodeo** will be held at **Tygh Valley, Oregon,** on May 21–22. Featured are Indian cowboys in all events and wild horses from the Warm Springs Indian Reservation.

Indians & Whites

REVIEWED BY JOHN R. MILTON

FOR A SHORT COURSE in Indian-white relationships, these three books will do as well as any. *White on Red* offers forty-two selections, many of them poems, fiction, and essays excerpted from the works of such literary figures as Freneau, C. B. Brown, Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, and Twain, with Capt. John Smith's *General Historie* (1624) at the beginning and Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona* (1884) at the end. The selections, as well as the two excellent introductions, serve to point up the patterns of cultural and economic attitudes of whites toward Indians, as well as the developing myths which took their place in American literature. Behind it all—to oversimplify—is the European-American's desire to impose his culture, order, and civilization on the Indian.

White on Red: Images of the American Indian edited by Nancy B. Black and Bette S. Weidman *(Kennikat Press, Port Washington, N.Y., 1976; 292 pp., intro., index, $12.95).*

Red Men and Hat-Wearers edited by Daniel Tyler *(Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1976; 171 pp., intro., illus., notes, index, $5.95 softbound).*

Indian-White Relations; A Persistent Paradox edited by Jane F. Smith and Robert M. Kvasnicka *(Howard University, Washington, D.C., 1976; 278 pp., intro., illus., maps, appen., notes, index, $15.00).*

While nineteenth-century romanticism allowed a polite but shallow acceptance of the Indian, it is difficult to find a better summary of two centuries of white-Indian relationships than the words at the head of chapter twenty-six of Herman Melville's *Confidence Man* (1857):

"Containing the Metaphysics of Indian-hating,

According to the Views of One Evidently not so

Prepossessed as Rousseau in Favor of Savages."

Tongue in cheek, perhaps, but very human, just as *White on Red* might be considered elementary, easy, and obvious, but humanistically necessary as background for contemporary studies.

Red Men and Hat Wearers (I do get tired of the word *red*) consists of nine essays presented at the Colorado State University Conference on Indian History in 1974. Six of the essays represent non-Indian views and may be considered as scholarly follow-ups to the evidence presented in *White on Red,* with the exception that these discussions are focused on the Western Indian. With documentation from the journals of mountain men, traders, and soldiers, these essays are more important as a segment of Western American history than as a revelation of Indian response to contact with the white man.

However, running quietly through the volume is the suggestion that most conflicts were with soldiers, government agents, and land speculators, and that eventually, when unofficial and individual relationships were possible between whites and Indians, many friendships and areas of understanding developed. At least on individual bases, cultural interaction became possible. Joseph Cash proceeds in this direction in his illuminating essay, "The Reservation Indian Meets the White Man (1860–1914)."

The Indian response, represented by three essays (one of them a short summary by the non-Indian editor), is highlighted by the warning which Vine Deloria, Jr., issues to historians who concentrate on the past and know little of the Indian since 1890. Except for this, the second part of the book accomplishes little.

The major concern of the Indians seems to be their own kind of history which, unlike that of the non-Indian historians, relies heavily on legend, story, and myth and does not place as much emphasis on so-called provable facts, i.e., tribal origins.

Indian-White Relations, a series of papers from the National Archives Conference on Research in the History of Indian-White Relations, 1972, is a rather dull rehashing of old materials (no pun intended). The archival and statistical approach must be handled gingerly in order to avoid a continuation of the nonhumanistic attitude which European-Americans have traditionally held toward the American Indian.

Taken together, the three books serve as a reminder that the American Indian is a person, not a footnote.

John R. Milton *writes frequently about the American Indian. His most recent book is a novel,* Notes to a Bald Buffalo.

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Fred Rosenstock: A Legend in Books and Art by Donald E. Bower *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1976; 230 pp., illus., appen., $12.50).*

Reviewed by Barron Beshoar

THERE MAY BE secondhand book dealers who fit in with a popular conception of the trade as a somewhat grubby calling, but Denver's Fred Rosenstock is not among them. Instead he is a widely known and distinguished bookman and collector who has done as much and perhaps more than any other to gather and preserve Western Americana.

In this loving and at times adulatory biography, author Donald E. Bower, former editor of *The American West* magazine and former editor-in-chief of the American West Publishing Company, tells the story of Rosenstock from his childhood days in Biala Potok in Austria-Hungary through his book-selling years to this, his eighty-first year.

When he bought his first old book for twenty-five cents in Rochester, New York, in 1913, Rosenstock's only thought was wheeling and dealing as a means to survival. But what was to be a life-long love affair with books soon developed. His passion, and it is nothing less, for Western Americana budded in 1920, not long after he settled in Denver and opened his first bookstore.

How he evolved into an important collector in contradiction to the old adage that a person cannot be both a book dealer and a collector is the essence of Bower's story.

The Jewish immigrant boy, who never finished high school, was and is a good businessman with an ample supply of chutzpah. He worked long hours, learned his trade thoroughly, and could drive as hard a bargain as any of his fellows in a business where shrewd buying and shrewder selling are the alpha and omega of success.

Rosenstock had a reputation as an honest dealer and in his later years was known to sacrifice potential profit to make certain a collection of Americana was placed in a library or university research center.

Lovers of the frontier West, book collectors, and potential book collectors will find much to inform and entertain them in this volume.

Barron Beshoar *of Trinidad, Colorado, is a free-lance writer. He is the author of* Hippocrates in a Red Vest *and* Out of the Depths.

James J. Hill and the Opening of the Northwest by Albro Martin *(Oxford University, New York, 1976; 676 pp., illus., notes, index, $19.50).*

Reviewed by Craig Miner

TO A POTENTIAL BIOGRAPHER, the aging James J. Hill wrote: "I may leave such a story as you request among my papers when I 'shuffle off.'" So he did in saving records which illuminate every aspect of his life. This, combined with the consummate craft employed by Albro Martin as the first medium through whom the collection speaks, results in a magnificent history of a great man acting in a great setting.

One feels that Hill lived a dozen lives and that here are at least a dozen books, all so richly detailed and alive that they resist efforts to contain them. Blowing his hearty breath into the thirty-five-degrees-below cold at St. Paul, the youthful Hill solved the Northwest energy crisis and innovated in warehousing before risking his fortune to gain control of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad at the depth of the 1870s depression. Just as that railroad seemed secure, he extended it to the coast in the midst of a second depression and then fought the whole tendency of the Progressive Era in an attempt to consolidate his gains.

All of it was remarkably complex, and the casual reader may be left reeling by Martin's refusal to change a fine tapestry into a bright cartoon. Yet the author's sophisticated understanding of the economics involved, along with his trick of alternating between accounts of large strategy and a wonderful picture of Hill's domestic life, make the book a rare joy for the serious student.

There is a real communication of the fatigue and personal cost that caused a contemporary to write, "Were you made of *steel*, you could not stand it for long," and there is the concomitant sense of the strength of the personality that bore it all. Most important, the detail helps one empathize with the compulsions of "empire building."

Hill once said: "Most men who have really lived have had, in some shape, their great adventure. This railway is mine." For many readers of economic and rail history, this volume will be theirs.

Craig Miner, *associate professor of history at Wichita State University, is the author of* The Corporation and the Indian: Tribal Sovereignty and Industrial Civilization in Indian Territory, 1865–1907.

The U.S. Forest Service: A History by Harold K. Steen *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1976; 362 pp., illus., maps, charts, appen., notes, index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY W. TURRENTINE JACKSON

TO WRITE a single-volume history of a federal government bureau is a monumental undertaking requiring exceptional organizational skills. Harold K. Steen has succeeded by adhering to chronology, adopting an administrative viewpoint, and keeping his attention on Washington, D.C., rather than on the forests.

The overriding theme of this study is the struggle of the Forest Service to respond to the dictates of Congress, to the sniping from other agencies within the bureaucracy, and to the periodic criticism from the timber industry and other vested interests on the one hand and such conservation groups as the Sierra Club on the other. The personalities and programs of the chief foresters are the focal point. This procession includes Franklin B. Hough, who established a one-man operation between 1876–1883 with the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture and prepared three impressive reports codifying the forestry knowledge of the world; the flamboyant Gifford Pinchot, whose administration was symbolized by issuance of the *Use Book* providing instructions for utilitarian conservation; Henry S. Graves, who promoted research and cooperated with state and private forest organizations; and William B. Greeley, concerned with recreational and grazing use, cooperative fire protection, and an equitable tax program in the 1920s.

With the expanded planning and programs of the New Deal, the Forest Service assumed overwhelming and sometimes conflicting responsibilities culminating in the 1960s with the concept of multiple use—a balanced allocation of timber, water, range, recreation, and wildlife resources. Controversy and hostility were inevitable. A chapter on the contest for authority between Interior and Agriculture, goaded by Harold Ickes, provides the most exciting reading; Forest Service contribution to World War II, the most informative.

This is a scholarly book by a professional historian, thoroughly researched, thoughtfully interpretive. Every future writer on subjects relating to the Forest Service will initiate the investigation with this book.

W. Turrentine Jackson *is president of the Western History Association.*

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Edward Sheriff Curtis: Visions of a Vanishing Race by Florence Curtis Graybill and Victor Boesen, photographs prepared by Jean-Antony du Lac *(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1976; 303 pp., illus., $35.00).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN C. EWERS

PROBABLY NO PHOTOGRAPHER took more exquisite pictures of Indians in the American West than did Edward S. Curtis. Now his daughter, with the aid of professional writer Victor Boesen, insists that Curtis's written descriptions of the cultures of some eighty-three Indian and Eskimo tribes which accompanied his sepia illustrations in his monumental series of books, *The North American Indian* (1907–1930), are equally worthy contributions to Indian studies.

With single-minded dedication, her father devoted a full quarter-century of field work among Indians to the collection of Indian testimony on their traditional customs as well as to the taking of 40,000 field photographs. This book presents highlights from his field experiences as well as his conception of the twenty-volume project, and his enlistment of President Theodore Roosevelt's enthusiastic support and of J. P. Morgan's financial backing for the most expensive series of books on Indians ever published. His daughter had access to documents bearing on her father's career not available to other recent writers on Curtis, including his extensive correspondence with his editor, Frederick Webb Hodge of the Smithsonian Institution. She does not deny that Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University questioned Curtis's competence to undertake ethnological studies, and that Stewart Culin of the Brooklyn Museum and George A. Dorsey of the Field Museum in Chicago also were critical of Curtis's writings. Nevertheless, she points out that Smithsonian Institution, American Museum of Natural History, and Harvard University scholars highly praised these works. Hopefully, this book will lead more readers to Curtis's own writings. I have found them helpful sources on the tribes I have studied.

Needless to say, this volume is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of Curtis's photos of Indians and Eskimos. Unfortunately, no recent reproductions are quite as rich or striking as those that appeared as illustrations for Curtis's *North American Indians* more than forty years ago.

John C. Ewers *is senior ethnologist at the Smithsonian Institution.*

Friars, Soldiers, and Reformers: Hispanic Arizona and the Sonora Mission Frontier 1767–1856 by John L. Kessell *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1976; 363 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $14.50 cloth, $8.35 paper).*

REVIEWED BY ODIE B. FAULK

HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON, the patriarch of students of the Borderlands, brought early Arizona history to life with his monumental biography of Eusebio Francisco Kino and his translation and editing of Kino's writings. Several other historians have been attracted to the early Franciscan period in Arizona, especially to the life of Francisco Garcés. Meanwhile, yet other scholars have probed the record of the *soldados de cuera* who garrisoned the frontier presidios.

Generally, however, during the period from 1767, when the Jesuits were expelled, to 1856, when American soldiers arrived, the history of Arizona has seemed as barren as the deserts of the region.

When asked why this wasteland has persisted, historians generally have pleaded a drought of documents. John L. Kessell now has shown the fallacy of this argument by his meticulous research both in Spanish and English sources; this he has coupled with felicitous writing to produce the first sound history of an incredibly complex era in Arizona and northern Sonora.

The story is one of human struggle as soldiers, civilians, bureaucrats, and missionaries contested with each other, with geography, and especially with Indians such as the Apaches, who were fighting for supremacy in the region. Recurring themes in this seminal work are an eternal shortage of funds, human greed and jealousy, and Indians with no desire to be "civilized." Always this is done in human terms: in Kessell's narrative the padres and soldiers emerge as more than wooden figures posturing on the stage of history. Only the Indians seem somewhat lifeless, but they left no written records with which Kessell could work.

This book is enhanced by meaningful illustrations, detailed footnotes, an extended bibliography, and a table of "Concurrent Events" at the beginning of each chapter which sets the period in proper perspective. In sum, this book will be welcomed by anyone teaching or researching in Borderlands history.

Odie B. Faulk, *chairman of the history department at Oklahoma State University, has just completed* The U.S. Camel Corps.

Eden Ravished

(Continued from page 33)

watered, with plenty of wood, game, and grass.

There was not just opportunity on the frontier. Walt Whitman also saw romance in the westward migration:

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers! . . .

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving
Pioneers! O pioneers! . . .

Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places, Pioneers! O Pioneers!

The ingredients were all there: danger, youth, virgin soil. Well might frontiersmen agree with Mark Twain who wrote that the first question asked by the American, upon reaching heaven, was: "Which way West?" Thoreau also thought a westward course the natural one:

"When I go out of the house for a walk . . . my needle . . . always settles between west and south-southwest. The future lies that way to me, and the earth seems more unexhausted and richer on that side. . . . westward I go free. . . . I must walk toward Oregon."

Emigrants felt this same pull but for different reasons. Thoreau's West was a wild region to be enjoyed for itself and preserved untouched, while the West to the emigrants was a place for a new start. The pioneers would conquer the wilderness and gather its immeasurable bounty. This did not imply that Westerners were oblivious to the beauty of the land. Many were aware of the West's scenic attractions but felt, with the influential artist Thomas Cole, that the wilderness, however beautiful, inevitably must give way to progress. In his "Essay on American Scenery," Cole described the sweet joys of nature—the mountains, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, and sky. The essay, dated 1835, is nostalgic. Cole closed his paean with an expression of "sorrow that the beauty of such landscapes are quickly passing away . . . desecrated by what is called improvement." But, after all, he added, "such is the road society has to travel." Clearly, Cole, like most of his nineteenth-century readers, did not question the propriety of "improvement" or the definition of "progress."

THE BELIEF in the inexhaustibility of western resources was superimposed on an attitude toward the land that Americans had inherited from generations past. In the Judeo-Christian view, God created the world for man. Man was the master of nature rather than a part of it. The resources of the earth—soil, water, plants, animals, insects, rocks, fish, birds, air—were there for his use, and his proper role was to dominate. It was natural then for God's children to harvest the rich garden provided for them by their Creator. They went into the West to do God's bidding, to use the land as he willed, to fulfill a destiny.

This attitude of man-over-nature was not universal. Like most primitive cultures throughout history, it was not held by the American Indian. The Indian saw himself as a part of nature, not its master. He felt a close kinship with the earth and all living things. Black Elk, a holy man of the Oglala Sioux, for example, believed that all living things were the children of the sky, their father, and the earth, their mother. He had special reverence for "the earth, from whence we came and at whose breast we suck as babies all our lives, along with all the animals and birds and trees and grasses." Creation legends of many tribes illustrate the Indian's familial attachment to the earth and his symbiotic relationship with other forms of life.

The land to Indians was more than merely a means of livelihood for the current generation. It belonged not only to them, the living, but to all generations of their people, those who came before and those who would come after. They could not separate themselves from the land. Of course, there were exceptions. Some Indians fell under the spell of the white trader who offered them goods that would make their lives easier, not to say better. As they became dependent on white man's goods, the land and its fruits began to assume for them an economic value that might be bartered for the conveniences produced by the white man's technology. This is not to say that the Indian attitude toward the land changed. Rather it illustrates that some Indians adopted the white man's view.

To European-Americans, the western Indians' use of the land was just another proof of their savagery. The pioneers had listened to the preachers of Manifest Destiny, and they knew that the nomadic tribes must stand aside for God's Chosen People who would use the land as God intended.

And so they returned to Eden. While some went to California and some to Oregon, the most coherent migration before the rush for California gold began in 1849 was the Mormon exodus to Salt Lake Valley. The latter was not typical of the westward movement. The persecuted saints entered the West not so much for its lure as because of its inaccessibility. In 1830, the same year that the Mormon Church was founded, Joseph Smith announced a revelation which would lead eventually to—or at least foresaw—the great migration:

"And ye are called to bring to pass the gathering of mine elect . . . unto one place upon the face of this land . . . [which] . . . shall be on the borders by the Lamanites [Indians]. . . . The glory of the Lord shall be there, and it shall be called Zion. . . . The righteous shall be gathered

out from among all nations, and shall come to Zion, singing with songs of everlasting joy."

Mormons who trekked to the Utah settlements in the late 1840s and 1850s knew they were doing God's bidding.

Other emigrants were just as sure that the Lord had prepared a place for them. "Truly the God in Heaven," wrote an Oregon-bound traveler in 1853, "has spread in rich profusion around us everything which could happify man and reveal the Wisdom and Benevolence of God to man." Oregon Trail travelers often noted in their journals that they were going to the "Promised Land." In A. B. Guthrie's *The Way West*, Fairman, who would be leaving Independence shortly for Oregon, proposed a toast "to a place where there's no fever." McBee, another emigrant, impatient to get started, responded:

"'Y God, yes, . . . and to soil rich as anything. Plant a nail and it'll come up a spike. I heerd you don't never have to put up hay, the grass is that good, winter and all. And lambs come twice a year. Just set by and let the grass grow and the critters birth and get fat. That's my idee of farmin'."

It seems that most emigants, in spite of the humor, did not expect their animals or themselves to wax fat in the new land without working. God would provide, but they must harvest.

Following close on the heels of the Oregon Trail farmers, and sometimes traveling in the same wagon trains, were the miners. This rough band of transients hardly thought of themselves as God's children, but they did nevertheless accept the horn-of-plenty image of the West. Granville Stuart wrote from the California mines that "no such enormous amounts of gold had been found anywhere before, and . . . they all believed that the supply was inexhaustible." Theirs was not an everflowing cornucopia, however, and each miner hoped to be in the right spot with an open sack when the horn tipped to release its wealth.

The typical miner wanted to get as rich as possible as quickly as possible so he could return home to family, friends, and a nabob's retirement. This condition is delightfully pictured in the frontispiece illustration in Mark Twain's *Roughing It*. A dozing miner is seated on a barrel in his cabin, his tools on the floor beside him. He is dreaming about the future: a country estate, yachting, carriage rides and walks in the park with a lady, an ocean voyage and a tour of Europe, viewing the pyramids. The dreams of other miners, while not so grand, still evoked pleasant images of home and an impatience to return there. This yearning is obvious in the lines of a miner's song of the 1850s:

Home's dearest joys Time soon destroys,
Their loss we all deplore;
While they may last, we labor fast
To dig the golden ore.

When the land has yielded its riches:

Then home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,
We'll sing how sweet our heart's delight,
With our dear friends once more.

Miners' diaries often reflected these same sentiments, perhaps with less honeyed phrases but with no less passion. A practical-minded argonaut, writing in 1852 from California to his sister in Alabama, explained his reason for going to the mines: "I think in one year here I can make enough to clear me of debt and give me a pretty good start in the world. Then I will be a happy man." What then? He instructed his sister to tell all his friends that he would soon be "back whare [*sic*] I can enjoy there [*sic*] company." Other miners thought it would take a little longer, but the motives were the same. A California miner later reminisced:

"Five years was the longest period any one expected to stay. Five years at most was to be given to rifling California of her treasures, and then that country was to be thrown aside like a used-up newspaper and the rich adventurers would spend the remainder of their days in wealth, peace, and prosperity at their eastern homes. No one talked then of going out 'to build up the glorious State of California.'"

The fact that many belatedly found that California was more than worked-out diggings and stayed—pronouncing the state glorious and themselves founding fathers—does not change their motives for going there.

There was a substantial body of miners, perpetually on the move, rowdies usually, the frontier fraternity boys, whose home was the mining camp and whose friends were largely miners like themselves. They rushed around the West to every discovery of gold or silver in a vain attempt to get rich without working. Though they had no visions of returning east to family and fireside, they did believe that the West was plentifully supplied with riches. It was just their bad luck that they had not found their shares. Their original reason for going to the mining camps and, though they might enjoy the camaraderie of their fellows, their reason for staying, was the same as that of the more genteel sort of miner who had come to the western wilderness, fully expecting to return to the East. More than any other emigrant to the West, the miner's motive was unabashed exploitation. For the most part, he did not conserve, preserve, or enrich the land. His intention, far from honorable, was rape.

THE CATTLEMAN was a transition figure between the miner who stripped the land and the farmer who, while stripping the land, also cherished it. The West to the cattleman meant grass and water, free or cheap. The earliest ranchers on the plains raised beef for the eastern markets and for the government, which had decreed that the cow replace the buffalo in the Plains Indians' life-style. The Indians, except for a few "renegades," complied, though they were never quite able to work the steer into their religion.

It was not long before word filtered back to the East that fortunes could be made in western stock raising. James Brisbin's *Beef Bonanza; or, How to Get Rich on the Plains*, first published in 1881, was widely read. Readers were dazzled by the author's minutely documented "proof" that an industrious man could more than double his investment in less than five years. Furthermore, there was almost no risk involved:

"In a climate so mild that horses, cattle, and sheep and

goats can live in the open air through all the winter months, and fatten on the dry and apparently withered grasses of the soil, there would appear to be scarcely a limit to the number that could be raised."

Experienced and inexperienced alike responded. Getting rich, they thought, was only a matter of time, not expertise.

Entrepreneurs and capital, American and foreign, poured into the West. Most of the rangeland was not in private ownership. Except for small tracts, generally homesteaded along water courses or as sites for home ranches, it was public property. Though a cattleman might claim rights to a certain range, and though an association of cattlemen might try to enforce the claims of its members, legally the land was open, free, and available.

By the mid-1880s, the range was grossly overstocked. The injury to the land was everywhere apparent. While some began to counsel restraint, most ranchers continued to ravish the country until the winter of 1886–1887 forced them to respect it. Following that most disastrous of winters, which in some areas killed as much as 85 percent of range stock, one chastened cattle king wrote that the cattle business "that had been fascinating to me before, suddenly became distasteful. . . . I never wanted to own again an animal that I could not feed and shelter." The industry gradually recovered, but it would never be the same. More land was fenced, wells dug, and windmills installed. Shelters for cattle were built, and hay was grown for winter feeding. Cattle raising became less an adventure and more a business.

In some cattlemen there grew an attachment, if not affection, for the land. Some, especially after the winter of 1886–1887, began to put down roots. Others who could afford it built luxurious homes in the towns to escape the deficiencies of the countryside, much as twentieth-century townsmen would build cabins in the country to escape the deficiencies of the cities. Probably most cattlemen after the winter of 1886–1887 still believed in the bounty of the West, but a bounty which they now recognized would be released to them only through husbandry.

Among all those who went into the West to seek their fortunes, the frontier farmers carried with them the highest hopes and greatest faith. Their forebears had been told for generations that they were the most valuable citizens, chosen of God, and that their destiny lay westward. John Filson, writing in 1784 about frontier Kentucky, described the mystique of the West that would be understood by post-Civil War emigrants:

"This fertile region, abounding with all the luxuries of nature, stored with all the principal materials for art and industry, inhabited by virtuous and ingenious citizens, must universally attract the attention of mankind." There, continued Filson, "like the land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, a land of brooks of water, . . . a land of wheat and barley, and all kinds of fruits, you shall eat bread without scarceness, and not lack any thing in it."

By 1865 the Civil War had settled the controversy between North and South that had hindered the westward movement, the Homestead Act had been passed, and the Myth of the Garden had replaced the Myth of the Desert. By the grace of God and with the blessing of Washington, the frontier farmer left the old land to claim his own in the new:

Born of a free, world-wandering race,
Little we yearned o'er an oft-turned sod.
What did we care for the father's place,
Having ours fresh from the hand of God?

Farmers were attracted to the plains by the glowing accounts distributed by railroads and western states. Newspapers in the frontier states added their accolades. The editor of the *Kansas Farmer* declared in 1867 that there were in his state "vast areas of unimproved land, rich as that on the banks of the far famed Nile, . . . acres, miles, leagues, townships, counties,—oceans of land, all ready for the plough, good as the best in America, and yet lying without occupants." Would-be emigrants who believed this sort of propaganda could sing with conviction:

Oh! give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the sky is not clouded all day.

There was a reason for the sky's clarity, the emigrants learned when they arrived on the plains. It was not long before many had changed their song:

We've reached the land of desert sweet,
Where nothing grows for man to eat;

I look across the plains
And wonder why it never rains.

And, finally, sung to the cadence of a "slow, sad march":

We do not live, we only stay;
We are too poor to get away.

It is difficult to generalize about the experience of pioneer farmers. Those who continued their journeys to the Pacific Coast regions were usually satisfied with what they found. It was those who settled on the plains who were most likely to be disillusioned. Their experience was particularly shattering since they had gone to the West not just to reap in it but also to live in it. Most found not the land of milk and honey they expected, but, it seems, a life of drudgery and isolation.

The most persistent theme in the literature of the period is disenchantment. This mood is caught best by Hamlin Garland. In *Main-Travelled Roads,* Garland acknowledged two views of the plains experience when he wrote that the main-travelled road in the West, hot and dusty in summer, muddy and dreary in fall and spring, and snowy in winter, "does sometimes cross a rich meadow where the songs of the larks and bobolinks and blackbirds are tangled." But Garland's literary road is less cluttered: "Mainly it is long and wearyful, and has a dull little town at one end and a home of toil at the other. Like the main-travelled road of life it is traversed by many classes of people, but the poor and the weary predominate."

The opposite responses to the plains are more pronounced in O. E. Rölvaag's *Giants in the Earth,* one of the most enduring novels of the agricultural West. Per Hansa meets the challenge of the new land, overcomes obstacles and rejoices in each success, however small. He accepts the prairie for what it is and loves it. Meanwhile, his wife, Beret, is gradually driven insane by that same prairie.

Where Per Hansa saw hope and excitement in the land, Beret saw only despair and loneliness. "Oh, how quickly it grows dark out here!" she cries, to which Per Hansa replies, "The sooner the day's over, the sooner the next day comes!" In spite of her husband's optimistic outlook, Beret's growing insanity dominates the story as it moves with gloomy intensity to its tragic end. It is significant that Per Hansa dies, a victim of the nature that he did not fear but could not subdue.

Willa Cather, the best-known novelist of nineteenth-century prairie farm life, treated relationships between people and their environment more sensitively than most. While her earlier short stories often dwell on themes of man against the harsh land, her works thereafter, without glossing over the severity of farm life, reveal a certain harmony between the land and those who live on it and love it. Her characters work hard, and suffer; but they are not immune to the loveliness of the land.

The histories of plains farming dwell more on processes than suffering, but accounts that treat the responses of the settlers to their environment generally verify the novelists' interpretations. According to the histories, the picture of desperation painted by Garland and Rölvaag applies principally to the earliest years of any particular frontier region. By the time sod houses acquired board floors and women were able to visit with other women regularly, Cather's images are more accurate.

The fact that pioneer farmers were not completely satisfied with what they found in the Promised Land does not alter their reasons for going there. They had gone into the West for essentially the same reason as the trappers, miners, and cattlemen: economic exploitation. Unlike their predecessors, they also had been looking for homes. Yet, like them, they had believed fervently in the Myth of Superabundance.

THE IRRATIONAL BELIEF that the West's resources were so great that they could never be used up was questioned by some at the very time that others considered it an article of faith. George Perkins Marsh in 1864 warned of the consequences of a too rapid consumption of the land's resources. In 1878, John Wesley Powell attacked the Myth of the Garden when he pointed out that a substantial portion of western land, previously thought to be cultivable by eastern methods, could be farmed successfully only by irrigation. Overgrazing of grasslands resulted in the intrusion of weeds and the erosion of soil, prompting many ranchers, especially after the devastating winter of 1886–1887, to contract their operations and practice range management. Plowing land where rainfall was inadequate for traditional farming methods resulted in wind and water erosion of the soil. Before the introduction of irrigation or dry farming techniques, many plains farmers gave up and returned eastward. The buffalo, which might have numbered fifty million or more at mid-century, were hunted almost to extinction by 1883. Passenger pigeons were estimated to number in the billions in the first half of the nineteenth century: around 1810, Alexander Wilson, an ornithologist, guessed that a single flock, a mile wide and 240 miles long, contained more than two billion birds. Yet before the end of the century, market hunting and the clearing of forest habitats had doomed the passenger pigeon to extinction. Examples of this sort led many people to the inescapable conclusion that the West's resources were not inexhaustible.

At the same time a growing number of people saw values other than economic in the West. Some plains farmers struggling with intermittent drought and mortgage could still see the beauty of the land. Alexandra in Cather's *O Pioneers!* could see it: "When the road began to climb the first long swells of the Divide, Alexandra hummed an old Swedish hymn. . . . Her face was so radiant" as she looked at the land "with love and yearning. It seemed beautiful to her, rich and strong and glorious. Her eyes drank in the breadth of it, until her tears blinded her."

Theodore Roosevelt wrote often of the "delicious" rides he took at his Badlands ranch during autumn and spring. He described the rolling, green grasslands; the prairie roses; the blacktail and whitetail deer; the songs of the skylark; the white-shouldered lark-bunting; and the sweet voice of the meadowlark, his favorite. Of a moonlight ride, he wrote that the "river gleams like running quicksilver, and the moonbeams play over the grassy stretches of the plateaus and glance off the wind-rippled blades as they would from water." Lincoln Lang, a neighbor of Roosevelt's, had the same feeling for the land. He called the Badlands "a landscape masterpiece of the wild, . . . verdant valleys, teeming with wild life, with wild fruits and flowers, . . . with the God-given atmosphere of truth itself, over which unshackled Nature, alone, reigned queen."

Even miners were not immune to the loveliness of the countryside. Granville Stuart, working in the California mines, was struck by the majestic forests of sugar pine, yellow pine, fir, oak, and dogwood. He described the songs and coloration of the birds and the woodpeckers' habit of storing acorns in holes that they meticulously pecked in tree limbs. He delighted in watching a covey of quail near his cabin each day. "Never was I guilty of killing one," he added. Bret Harte lived among the California miners, and his stories often turn to descriptions of the picturesque foothills of the Sierra Nevada. After the birth of "The Luck" in Roaring Camp, the proud, self-appointed godfathers decorated the baby's "bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, . . . wild honey-suckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet."

Success of some sort often broadened the frontiersman's viewpoint. The miner, cattleman, or farmer who had succeeded in some way in his struggle with the land had more time and inclination to think about his relationship with it. Viewing his environment less as an adversary, the Westerner began to see what was happening to it.

At times, concern for the environment led to action. The mounting protests of Californians whose homes and farms had been damaged by the silt-laden runoff from hydraulic mining finally led to the outlawing of this mindless destruction of the land. Frederick Law Olmsted, who had

designed New York's Central Park, initiated an era in 1864 when he and some friends persuaded Congress to grant to the state of California a piece of land in California's Sierra Nevada for the creation of a park, merely because the land, which included Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Trees, was beautiful and the public would enjoy it. The idea took hold, and other parks soon followed, Yellowstone in 1872 being the first public "pleasuring ground" under federal management. The new art of landscape photography showed Easterners the wonders of the West, without the hardships of getting there, and revealed to many Westerners a land they inhabited but had never seen. With the improvement in transportation, principally railroads, more and more people ventured into the West to see these wonders firsthand.

A growing awareness that unrestrained exploitation was fast destroying the natural beauty of the West and that its resources, by the end of the nineteenth century widely acknowledged to be finite, were being consumed at an alarming pace led to considerable soul-searching. Frederick Jackson Turner, who had most eloquently described the influence that the great expanses of western land had on the shaping of American character, also hinted that the disappearance of available land was likely to cause some serious disruptions in American society. "The frontier has gone," he wrote, "and with its going has closed the first period of American history."

If the first phase of American history, in which a dominant theme was the advance of the frontier, ran from 1607 to 1890, the second phase began with the emergence of the conservation movement which would lead to the alteration of fundamental attitudes toward the land nurtured during the first phase. While based generally on concern for the environment, the movement split in the early twentieth century into two factions. One faction argued for wise management of the country's resources to prevent their being wasted. This "utilitarian conservation" was not a break with the frontier view of exploitation. It was a refinement. While the frontier view was one of rapid exploitation of inexhaustible resources, the utilitarian conservationists rejected the myth of inexhaustibility and advocated the careful use of finite resources, without rejecting the basic assumption that the resources were there to be exploited. This view of conservation led to the setting aside and management of forest reserves, soil and water conservation projects, and irrigation and hydroelectric programs.

The other faction, whose ideology has been called "aesthetic conservation," clearly broke with the frontier past when its members argued for the preservation of areas of natural beauty for public enjoyment. This group's efforts bore fruit in the establishment of national and state parks, monuments and wilderness areas. There are indications that the two factions are drawing closer together in the umbrella ecology movement of the 1970s, perhaps eventually to merge.

It is senseless to compare nineteenth-century frontier attitudes toward the land with today's more enlightened views. Faced seemingly with such plenty—billions of passenger pigeons, millions of buffalo, innumerable beaver, endless seas of grass, vast forests of giant trees, mines to shame King Solomon's—excess was understandable and probably inevitable. Excess in this case meant waste. Here the Turner thesis is most meaningful, for the belief in the inexhaustibility of resources in the West generated the unique American acceptance of waste as the fundamental tenet of a life-style. For this, the frontiersman is not entirely blameless. But certainly, he is less blameworthy than the neo-pioneer who continues, against reason and history, to cling hopefully to the myth of inexhaustibility. Yet there were examples, however few, and voices, however dim, that the frontiersman might have heeded. It remains to be seen whether Americans today have learned the lesson their ancestors, four generations removed, failed to comprehend.

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the GREAT RACE

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of rails, fishplates, bolts, and spikes at regular intervals, using Chinese on handcars pulled by horses to move the iron forward to the gaugers, spikers, bolters, and a picked crew of eight rail carriers. These eight iron men were of course the sporting heroes of the day, and their names—Sullivan, Dailey, Kennedy, Joyce, Shay, Eliott, Killeen, McNamara—reveal their ancestry. Every participant moved at full speed, jumping, trotting, running, dancing, pausing only occasionally to take a sip of water or tea from pails that a detachment of constantly moving Chinese carried on poles over their shoulders.

By one-thirty they had laid six miles of rails, and Crocker ordered a stop for lunch. He offered to release any track layer who had had enough. Nobody accepted the offer. An hour later they were back at work. At seven o'clock, James Strobridge signaled victory. In twelve hours, a full working day, they were fifty-six feet past the ten-mile mark. During that day, someone later calculated, the track layers had spiked 3,520 rails to 25,800 ties, and each rail handler had lifted 250,000 pounds of iron.

Although Dr. Durant was not there to witness the loss of his ten-thousand-dollar bet, Grenville Dodge was among the spectators. "I saw them lay their special ten miles on that wager," he commented, "but they were a week preparing for it, and bedded all their ties beforehand." For him it was only a stunt. The joining of the rails and the driving of the last spike would be the day of accomplishment.

Promontory Point, Promontory Summit, Promontory Station—all these names were used—lay in a waterless basin of sagebrush, ringed on three sides by mountains. Tracks of the Central Pacific reached there on April 30, and the Californians had to wait a week before the Union Pacific track layers came into view. On May 1, hundreds of men lined up at the paymasters' cars of both railroads to receive their last wages, and thousands of others learned that they would work only one more week. "The two opposing armies," reported a newspaper correspondent, "are melting away." The Great Race was coming to an end.

Only twenty-five hundred feet of empty grading lay between the two railroads on May 7, but that afternoon, when Leland Stanford's special train arrived for the planned celebration of May 8, Jack Casement came over to inform the Central Pacific's president and several accompanying dignitaries that the joining of the rails would have to be delayed until May 10. According to Casement, heavy rains had washed out part of the U.P. tracks in Weber Canyon, and the special train carrying Durant, Dillon, and other officials could not move until repairs were completed.

But there was more to the story than that. On May 6, when the U.P. special pulled into Piedmont, Wyoming, from the East, an armed mob of several hundred railroad workmen surrounded Durant's private car, switched it onto a sidetrack, and chained the wheels to the rails. Spokesmen for the workers informed the startled Dr. Durant that he and his very important associates were prisoners until the men received their overdue wages. The amount demanded remains obscure because Union Pacific officials then and afterward maintained great secrecy about the incident, but various contemporary accounts gave estimates varying from $12,000 to $80,000 to $235,000. Some historians suspect that Mormons were leaders in this affair, as the railroad had repeatedly ignored Brigham Young's demands for payment of his grading contract. Although attempts were made to effect Durant's rescue by summoning soldiers from nearby army posts, all telegrams to the military were intercepted, and he finally gave up and arranged for payroll funds to be telegraphed from New York headquarters.

While these events were occurring, Jack Casement felt obliged to entertain Leland Stanford and his friends from California by inviting them for a sightseeing ride to Ogden on his work train, which he had previously stocked with "a bountiful collation and oceans of champagne." As the weather was dismal with rain, no one objected to the delay, and during their overnight stay in Ogden, Stanford and some of the other orators wrote their speeches for the forthcoming ceremonies and released them to the gathering swarm of newspapermen.

A cold rain was still falling on Sunday, May 9, but all rails on both approaches to Promontory, except the final connecting ones, were spiked to the ties. The next morning the weather had cleared into an ideal day for celebration, white clouds floating in a clean blue sky against a distant backdrop of cedar-covered mountains, a cool breeze blowing, the temperature rising to sixty-nine degrees.

By seven o'clock the first curious spectators were assembling around the two-rail gap where a huge American flag flapped atop an adjoining telegraph pole. Alongside the grade, whiskey peddlers had already set up tents to sell refreshments at premium prices. At about eight o'clock a construction train arrived to unload boisterous gangs of track layers and graders, and then backed away. Shortly after ten o'clock, two Union Pacific trains pulled up and stopped a short distance from the gap. The first train was Durant's delayed three-car special, and riding with him that morning were Dillon, Dodge, Seymour, Reed, the Casement brothers, and several other officials and guests. Aboard the second train were four companies of the Twenty-first Infantry and its headquarters band bound for the Presidio at San Francisco, and also a delegation of prominent Utah citizens with a brass band from Salt Lake City.

While these arrivals were detraining, a gang of blue-clad Chinese workmen began leveling up the gap in the roadbed. They laid the last ties and rails, bolted on the fishplates, and drove all but the last few spikes. At 11:15 the Central Pacific train puffed into view. Both Iron Horses—the C.P.'s Jupiter with a flared funnel stack and the U.P.'s No. 119 with a straight cylindrical stack capped by a spark-arrester—were now uncoupled and brought into facing positions across the meeting place of the rails. The soldiers of the Twenty-first Infantry formed a double line facing the tracks and stood at parade rest.

By this time Stanford and the members of his party

were shaking hands with the Union Pacific officials, and they began discussing the agenda of the ceremonies. Stanford had brought along two golden spikes, a silver spike, a combination iron, silver, and gold spike, a silver-plated sledgehammer, and a polished laurel tie, but very little planning had been done in regard to protocol. Dr. Durant, clad in a stylish black velvet jacket, and suffering from a severe headache probably brought on by excessive consumption of champagne, wished only to get done with the spike ceremony as quickly as possible, but Grenville Dodge evidently took offense at Stanford's elaborate trappings and insisted on having a simple ceremony in which *he* would drive the last spike, an iron one. Even to the very last hour, the rivalry of the Great Race would not die. It was 11:55, only five minutes before the scheduled time for beginning the ceremony, when Durant overruled Dodge and agreed to follow Stanford's program.

None of those present who recorded the events of the day agreed on the number of people gathered there. Estimates ranged from five hundred to three thousand, but judging from the photographs, the total probably was only between six and seven hundred, including the understrength companies of the Twenty-first Infantry, about twenty reporters and photographers, and twenty-one women, most of whom were wives of railroad officials and army officers. But virtually all of America was there in spirit that day, awaiting eagerly the telegraphic flashes that would signal the symbolic union of the continent by iron rails.

To speed this communication, a wire had been run from a telegraph pole down to a key on a small table facing the rail gap. At 12:20, telegraph operator W. N. Shilling tapped out a message to Western Union announcing that in about twenty minutes the last spike would be driven. Operators across the nation immediately began clearing their lines. While Shilling's key still chattered, James Strobridge and Sam Reed brought up the laurel tie (in which spike holes had previously been drilled) and placed it in position. The bibulous spectators pressed in so close that Jack Casement had to order them back so that photographers could set up their cameras to record the scene. "As it was," reported John Beadle, "the crowd pushed upon the workmen so closely that less than twenty persons saw the affair entirely, while none of the reporters were able to hear all that was said." Because of the boisterous jostling and shouting, only those pressed into the inner ring knew that the Reverend John Todd, who was there as a correspondent for two religious magazines, was offering a prayer. They removed their hats, while Dr. Todd's voice was drowned in the outer babble of celebrants. He kept the prayer mercifully short, and at 12:40, telegrapher Shilling tapped out: "We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented."

Durant, his head throbbing, pushed forward to accept the two gold spikes from a representative of the Central Pacific. He kneeled and slid them into the prepared holes in the laurel tie, his eyes blinking at the inscribed silver plate: THE LAST TIE LAID ON THE COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, MAY 1869. As he arose, Stanford began speaking in the bright sunlight, his voice strong at the end: "Now, gentlemen, with your assistance we will proceed to lay the last tie, the last rail, and drive the last spike."

Grenville Dodge made the response: "Gentlemen, the great Benton proposed that someday a giant statue of Columbus be erected on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, pointing westward, denoting that as the great route across the continent. You have made that prophecy today a fact. This is the way to India."

While the crowd cheered and the bands played, the other spikes and the silver-headed sledgehammer were brought forward. After a telegraph wire was attached to the last spike, Stanford raised the sledge and brought it down briskly, missing the spike entirely. The inebriated track layers roared with laughter. Durant put on a pair of gauntlets to protect his tender palms, lifted the sledge, and also missed. Aware that the blows of the sledgehammer had not gone out over the wire, telegrapher Shilling touched his key and tapped out: "Done." The time was 12:47, 2:47 on the eastern seaboard. "We all yelled like to bust," was the way one of the spectators described it.

After the gold and silver spikes and the laurel tie were carefully removed, the C.P.'s Jupiter and the U.P.'s No. 119 eased forward until their pilots clanged together. While cheering workmen climbed up onto both Iron Horses, their engineers scrambled to the boiler fronts with bottles of champagne, to shake hands and exchange toasts. The photographers worked frantically to clear the crowd back so that the railroad's chief engineers, Grenville Dodge and Samuel Montague, could stand before the two locomotives in another symbolic handclasp.

As soon as the wet-plate photographs were made, the Jupiter reversed its wheels and made room for No. 119 to cross the rail junction. Then No. 119 backed up, and the Jupiter with a merry whistle blast eased across to the U.P.'s tracks. The transcontinental railroad was ready for the Iron Horses to roll.

Somewhat reluctantly, the workmen who had made it all possible (most of whom were now unemployed) drifted away to the whiskey tents and dance halls of Promontory City. The well-dressed owners of the railroads gathered in Dr. Durant's private car for more champagne toasts. In all the cities of America, bells were ringing, flags were flying, whistles were blowing, cannons were firing, people were singing, and orators were declaiming: "The Anglo-Saxon and the Celt met in friendly greeting the tawny Asiatic at Promontory Point, and rejoiced together over the final consummation of the enterprise which their united labors have achieved. . . . California shook hands with New York and New England, and the mingled screams of steam whistles upon engines waked the echoes of the mountains."

Dee Brown *is the author of eighteen books of history including* Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee: An Indian History of the American West *(1971).*

Membership in the Western History Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89507. Membership is on a calendar-year basis and includes THE AMERICAN WEST and WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY. Annual dues are: Regular Member $16.00; Sustaining Member $30.00; Student Member & Emeritus Member $10.00 (includes only the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY and Annual Conference material); Sponsoring Member $100.00 (Institution); Life Member $300.00, paid in a twelve-month period. Individuals or institutions not wishing to become members may subscribe directly to either THE AMERICAN WEST or the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY at regular subscription rates.

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